

THE *11/25.6.*
DRUMMER;
K OR, THE
HAUNTED-HOUSE.

A
C O M E D Y.

As it is Acted at the
Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane,
By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

Falsis terroribus implet
Ut magnus

Hor.

The THIRD EDITION.

With a PREFACE by Sir Richard Steele, in an Epistle Dedicatory to Mr. Congreve, occasioned by Mr. Tichell's PREFACE to the Four Volumes of Mr. Addison's Works.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. DARBY: And Sold by THOMAS COMBES
at the Bible and Dove in Pater-Noster-Row. 1722.

THE
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OR, THE
HAUNTED-HOUSE
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COMEDY

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Printed for J. D. and T. And sold by THOMAS CORRIE
in the Strand and Dove in Pall-Mall.



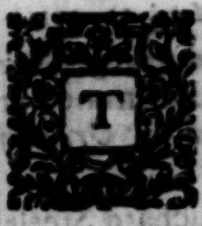
T O

Mr. CONGREVE,

Occasion'd by

Mr. *Tickell's* Preface to the Four Volumes of Mr. *Addison's* Works.

S I R,

 HIS is the second time that I have, without your leave, taken the Liberty to make a publick Address to you. However uneasy you may be for your own sake in receiving Compliments of this nature, I depend upon your known Humanity for Pardon, when I acknowledge, that you have this present Trouble for mine. When I take my self to be ill treated with regard to my Behaviour to the Merit of other Men, my Conduct towards you is an Argument of my Candour that way, as well as that your Name and Authority will be my Protection in it. You will give me leave there-

DEDICATION.

fore, in a matter that concerns us in the Poetical World, to make you my Judge, whether I am not injur'd in the highest manner; for with Men of your Taste and Delicacy, it is a high Crime and Misdemeanour to be guilty of any thing that is disingenuous: but I will go into the matter.

Upon my return out of *Scotland*, I visited Mr. *Tonson's* Shop, and thanked him for his Care in sending to my House the Volumes of my Dear and Honoured Friend Mr. ADDISON, which are at last published by his Secretary Mr. *Tickell*; but took occasion to observe, that I had not seen the Work before it came out, which he did not think fit to excuse any otherwise than by a Recrimination that I had put into his Hands at an high Price, *A Comedy call'd the Drummer*; which by my Zeal for it, he took to be written by Mr. *Addison*, and of which, after his Death, he said I directly acknowledged he was the Author. To urge this Hardship still more home, he produced a Receipt under my Hand in these words:

March 12, 1714.

RECEIV'd then the Sum of fifty Guineas for the Copy of the Comedy called, The Drummer, or the Haunted-House. I say received by Order of the Author of the said Comedy.

Richard Steele.

And added at the same time, that since Mr. *Tickell* had not thought fit to make that Play a part of Mr. *Addison's* Works, he wou'd sell the Copy to any Bookseller that wou'd give most for it.

This is represented thus circumstantially, to shew how incumbent it is upon me, as well in Justice to the Bookseller, as for many other Considerations,

DEDICATION.

siderations, to produce this Comedy a second time, and take this occasion to vindicate my self against certain Insinuations thrown out by the Publisher of Mr. Addison's Writings, concerning my Behaviour in the nicest Circumstance, that of doing Justice to the Merit of my Friend.

I shall take the Liberty, before I have ended this Letter, to say, why I believe the *Drummer* a Performance of Mr. Addison; and after I have declared this, any surviving Writer may be at ease, if there be any one who has hitherto been vain enough to hope, or silly enough to fear, it may be given to himself.

Before I go any further, I must make my publick Appeal to you and all the Learned World, and humbly demand whether it was a decent or reasonable thing that Works written (as a great part of Mr. Addison's were) in Correspondence with me, ought to have been published without my review of the Catalogue of them; or if there were any Exception to be made against any Circumstance in my Conduct, whether an Opportunity to explain my self should not have been allowed me before any Reflections were made upon me in Print.

When I had perus'd Mr. Tickell's Preface, I had soon many Objections, besides his Omission to say any thing of the *Drummer*, against his long expected Performance. The chief Intention of which, and which it concerns me first to examine, seems to aim at doing the decens'd Author Justice against me, whom he insinuates to have assum'd to my self part of the Merit of my Friend.

He is pleas'd, Sir, to express himself concerning the present Writer in the following manner.

DEDICATION.

* ‘ The Comedy called, *The Tender Husband*, appeared much about the same time, to which Mr. Addison wrote the Prologue. Sir Richard Steele surprized him with a very handsome Dedication of this Play, and has since acquainted the Publick, that he owed some of the most taking Scenes of it to Mr. Addison.

† ‘ He was in that Kingdom, [Ireland] when he first discovered Sir Richard Steele to be the Author of the *Tatler*, by an Observation upon *Virgil*, which had been by him communicated to his Friend. The Assistance he occasionally gave him afterwards in the Course of the Paper, did not a little contribute to advance its Reputation; and upon the Change of the Ministry, he found leisure to engage more constantly in that Work, which however was dropt at last, as it had been taken up, without his Participation.

‘ In the last Paper, which closed those celebrated Performances, and in the Preface to the last Volume, Sir Richard Steele has given to Mr. Addison the Honour of the most applauded Pieces in that Collection. But as that Acknowledgment was delivered only in general Terms, without directing the Publick to the several Papers: Mr. Addison, who was content with the Praise arising from his own Works, and too delicate to take any part of that which belonged to others, afterwards thought fit to distinguish his Writings in the *Spectators* and *Guardians* by such Marks, as might remove the least possibility of Mistake in the most undiscerning Readers. It was necessary that his

* Mr. Tickell's Preface, Pag. 11.

† Page 12.

DEDICATION.

Share in the *Tatlers* should be adjusted in a complete Collection of his Works; for which Reason Sir *Richard Steele*, in compliance with the Request of his deceased Friend, delivered to him by the Editor, was pleased to mark with his own Hand those *Tatlers*, which are inserted in this Edition, and even to point out several, in the writing of which they both were concerned.

† The Plan of the *Spectator*, as far as it regards the feigned Person of the Author, and of the several Characters that compose his Club, was projected in concert with Sir *Richard Steele*; and because many Passages, in the course of the Work, would otherwise be obscure, I have taken leave to insert one single Paper, written by Sir *Richard Steele*, wherein those Characters are drawn, which may serve as a *Dramatis Personæ*, or as so many Pictures for an Ornament and Explication of the whole. As for the distinct Papers, they were never or seldom shown to each other by their respective Authors, who fully answered the Promise they had made, and far out-went the Expectation they had raised of pursuing their Labour in the same Spirit and Strength, with which it was begun.

It need not be explain'd, that it is here intimated, that I had not sufficiently acknowledged what was due to Mr. *Addison* in these Writings. I shall make a full Answer to what seems intended by the Words, *He was too delicate to take any part of that which belong'd to others*; if I

DEDICATION.

can recite out of my own Papers any thing that may make it appear groundless.

The subsequent Encomiums bestowed by me on Mr. *Addison*, will, I hope, be of service to me in this particular.

* But I have only one Gentleman, *who will be nameless*, to thank for any frequent Assistance to me; which, indeed, it would have been barbarous in him to have denied to one with whom he has liv'd in an Intimacy from Childhood, considering the great Ease with which he is able to dispatch the most entertaining Pieces of this nature. This good Office he performed with such force of Genius, Humour, Wit, and Learning, that I fared like a distressed Prince who calls in a powerful Neighbour to his Aid; I was undone by my Auxiliary: When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependance on him.

The same Hand writ the distinguishing Characters of Men and Women, under the Names of *Musical Instruments*, the *Distress of the News-Writers*, the *Inventory of the Play-House*, and the *Description of the Thermometer*, which I cannot but look upon as the greatest Embellishments of this Work.

‡ As to the Work it self, the Acceptance it has met with is the best Proof of its Value; but I should err against that Candor which an honest Man should always carry about him, if I did not own, that the most approved Pieces in it were written by others, and those,

* *Pref. to the 4th Vol. of the Tatlers.*

‡ *Tatler, N^o 271.*

‘ which

D E D I C A T I O N.

* which have been most excepted against, by my
 ' self. The Hand that has assisted me in those
 ' noble Discourses upon the Immortality of the
 ' Soul, the glorious Prospects of another Life,
 ' and the most sublime Ideas of Religion and Vir-
 ' tue, is a Person who is too fondly my Friend
 ' ever to own them: but I should little deserve
 ' to be his, if I usurped the Glory of them. I
 ' must acknowledge at the same time, that I
 ' think the finest Strokes of Wit and Humour,
 ' in all Mr. *Bickerstaff's* Lucubrations, are
 ' those for which he is also beholden to him.'

* I hope the Apology I have made as to the
 ' License allowable to a feigned Character, may
 ' excuse any thing which has been said in these
 ' Discourses of the SPECTATOR and his
 ' Works. But the Imputation of the grossest
 ' Vanity would still dwell upon me, if I did
 ' not give some Account by what means I was
 ' enabled to keep up the Spirit of so long and
 ' approved a Performance. All the Papers mar-
 ' ked with a C, L, I, or O; that is to say, all
 ' the Papers *which I have distinguished* by any
 ' Letter in the name of the Muse C L I O, were
 ' given me by the Gentleman, of whose Assist-
 ' ance I formerly boasted in the Preface and con-
 ' cluding Leaf of the *Tatler*. I am indeed
 ' much more proud of his long-continued Friend-
 ' ship, than I should be of the Fame of being
 ' thought the Author of any Writings which he
 ' himself is capable of producing. I remember
 ' when I finish'd the *Tender Husband*, I told him,
 ' there was nothing I so ardently wish'd as that.

DEDICATION.

we might some time or other publish a Work written by us both, which should bear the name of the *Monument*, in memory of our Friendship. I heartily wish what I have done here, were as honorary to that sacred Name, as Learning, Wit, and Humanity, render those Pieces which I have taught the Reader how to distinguish for his. When the *Play* above-mentioned was last acted, there were so many applauded Stroaks in it, which I had from the same Hand, that I thought very meanly of my self that I had never publicly acknowledged them. After I have put other Friends upon importuning him to publish Dramatick, as well as other Writings he has by him, I shall end what I think I am obliged to say on this Head, by giving my Reader this hint for the better judging of my Productions, That the best Comment upon them, would be an Account when the Patron to the *Tender Husband* was in *England* or abroad.

† My Purpose, in this Application, is only to shew the Esteem I have for you, and that I look upon my Intimacy with you as one of the most valuable Enjoyments of my Life.

I am sure, you have read my Quotations with Indignation against the little Zeal which prompted the Editor, who, by the way, has himself done nothing in Applause of the Works which he prefaces, to the mean Endeavours of adding to Mr. *Addison*, by disparaging a Man who had, for the greatest part of his Life, been his known Bosom Friend, and shielded him from all the Resent-

DEDICATION.

ments which many of his own Works would have brought upon him at the time in which they were written. It is really a good Office to Society, to expose the Indiscretion of Intermedlers in the Friendship and Correspondence of Men, whose Sentiments, Passions, and Resentments are too great for their proportion of Soul: Could the Editor's Indiscretion provoke me even so far as within the Rules of strictest Honour I could go, and I were not restrain'd by supererogatory Affection to dear Mr. *Addison*, I would ask this unskilful Creature, what he means, when he speaks in the Air of a Reproach, that the *Tatler* was laid down as it was taken up without his Participation; let him speak out and say, why, *without his Knowledge*, would not serve his purpose as well. If, as he says, he restrains himself to Mr. *Addison's* Character, as a Writer, while he attempts to lessen me, he exalts me; for he has declared to all the World what I never have so explicitly done, that I am, to all intents and purposes, the Author of the *Tatler*. He very justly says, the occasional Assistance Mr. *Addison* gave me in the course of that Paper, *did not a little contribute to advance its Reputation, especially when, upon the Change of the Ministry, he found leisure to engage more constantly in it.* It was advanced indeed, for it was rais'd to a greater thing than I intended it: for the Elegance, Purity, and Correctness which appear'd in his Writings, were not so much my Purpose, as in any intelligible manner as I could to rally all those Singularities of human Life, thro' the different Professions and Characters in it, which obstruct any thing that was truly good and great. After this Acknowledgment you will see, that is, such

DEDICATION.

a Man as you will see, that I rejoiced in being excell'd, and made those little Talents, whatever they are which I have, give way and be subservient to the superior Qualities of a Friend whom I lov'd, and whose Modesty would never have admitted 'em to come into Day-light, but under such a Shelter. So that all which the Editor has said, either out of Design or Incapacity, Mr. *Congreve* must determine to end in this, that *Steele* has been so candid and upright, that he owes nothing to Mr. *Addison*, as a Writer; but whether he does, or does not, whatever *Steele* owes to Mr. *Addison*, the Publick owes *Addison* to *Steele*. But the Editor has such a fantastical and ignorant Zeal for his Patron, that he won't allow his Correspondents to conceal any thing of his, tho' in obedience to his Commands. What I never did declare was Mr. *Addison*'s, I had his direct Injunctions to hide, against the natural Warmth and Passion of my own Temper towards my Friends. Many of the Writings now publish'd as his, I have been very patiently traduced and calumniated for, as they were Pleasantries and oblique Strokes upon certain the wittiest Men of the Age, who will now restore me to their Goodwill, in proportion to the abatement of Wit which they thought I employ'd against them. But I was saying, that the Editor won't allow us to obey his Patron's Commands in any thing which he thinks would redound to his Credit, if discover'd. And because I would shew a little Wit in my Anger, I shall have the Discretion to shew you, that he has been guilty in this Particular towards a much greater Man than your humble Servant, and one whom you are much more oblig'd to vindicate. Mr. *Dryden* in his *Virgil*,
after

DEDICATION.

after having acknowledged, that a *certain excellent young Man* had shew'd him many Faults in his Translation of *Virgil*, which he had endeavour'd to correct, goes on to say, 'Two other worthy Friends of mine, who desire to have their Names conceal'd, seeing me straitned in my time, took Pity on me, and gave me the Life of *Virgil*, the two Prefaces to the *Pastorals*, and the *Georgics*, and all the Arguments in Prose to the whole Translation.' If Mr. *Addison* is one of the two Friends, and the Preface to the *Georgics* be what the Editor calls the Essay upon the *Georgics*, as one may adventure to say they are from their being word for word the same, he has cast an inhuman Reflection upon Mr. *Dryden*, who, tho' tied down not to name Mr. *Addison*, pointed at him, so as all Mankind conversant in these matters knew him, with an Elogium equal to the highest Merit, considering who it was that bestow'd it. I could not avoid remarking upon this Circumstance, out of Justice to Mr. *Dryden*, but confess at the same time I took a great Pleasure in doing it, because I knew, in exposing this Outrage, I made my court to Mr. *Congreve*.

I have observed that the Editor will not let me or any one else obey Mr. *Addison's* Commands, in hiding any thing he desires should be concealed. I cannot but take further notice, that the Circumstance of marking his *Spectators*, which I did not know till I had done with the Work, I made my own Act; because I thought it too great a Sensibility in my Friend, and thought it, since it was done, better to be supposed marked by me than the Author himself; the real State of which this Zealot rashly and injudiciously exposes. I ask the Reader

DEDICATION.

Reader whether any thing but an earnestness to disparage me could provoke the Editor in behalf of Mr. *Addison* to say, that he mark'd it, out of Caution against me, when I had taken upon me to say, 'twas I that did it, out of Tenderness to him.

As the imputation of any the least Attempt of arrogating to myself, or detracting from Mr. *Addison*, is without any Colour of Truth, you will give me leave to go on in the same Ardour towards him, and resent the cold, unaffectionate, dry, and barren manner in which this Gentleman gives an account of as great a Benefactor, as any one Learned Man ever had of another. Would any Man, who had been produced from a College Life, and push'd into one of the most considerable Employments of the Kingdom as to its Weight and Trust, and greatly lucrative with respect to a Fellowship, and who had been daily and hourly with one of the greatest Men of the Age, be satisfied with himself in saying nothing of such a Person, besides what all the World knew, except a Particularity, and that to his disadvantage, which I, his Friend from a Boy, don't know to be true, to wit, *that he never had a regular Pulse?* As for the Facts and considerable Periods of his Life, he either knew nothing of them, or injudiciously places them in a worse Light than that in which they really stood. When he speaks of Mr. *Addison's* declining to go into Orders, his way of doing it is, to lament that his Seriousness and Modesty, which might have recommended him, *proved the chief Obstacles to it; it seems, these Qualities, by which the Priesthood is so much adorn'd, represented the Duties of it as too weighty for him, and rendred him still more*
worthy

DEDICATION.

worthy of that Honour which they made him decline. These, you know very well, were not the Reasons which made Mr. Addison turn his thoughts to the civil World: and as you were the Instrument of his becoming acquainted with my Lord Hallifax, I doubt not but you remember the warm Instances that Noble Lord made to the Head of the College not to insist upon Mr. Addison's going into Orders; his Arguments were founded upon the general Pravity and Corruption of Men of Business who wanted liberal Education. And I remember, as if I had read the Letter yesterday, that my Lord ended with a Compliment, that however he might be represented as no Friend to the Church, he never would do it any other Injury than keeping Mr. Addison out of it. The Contention for this Man in his early Youth among the People of greatest Power, Mr. Secretary Tickell, the Executor for his Fame, is pleas'd to ascribe to a serious Visage and modesty of Behaviour. When a Writer is grossly and essentially faulty, it were a Jest to take notice of a false Expression or a Phrase; otherwise Priesthood in that place might be observ'd upon as a Term not us'd by the real Well-wishers to Clergymen, except when they would express some solemn Act, and not when that Order is spoke of as a Profession among Gentlemen: I will not therefore busy my self about *the unconcerning parts of Knowledge, but be contented like a Reader of plain Sense without Politeness*: and, since Mr. Secretary will give us no account of this Gentleman, *I admit the Alps and Apennines, instead of his Editor, to be Commentators of his Works, which, as the Editor says, have rais'd a demand for Correctness*; this Demand, by the way, ought to be
more

DEDICATION.

more strong upon those who were most about him, and had the greatest advantage of *his Example*. But our Editor says, *that those who come the nearest to Exactness, are but too often fond of unnatural Beauties, and aim at something better than Perfection*. Believe me, Sir, Mr. Addison's Example will carry no Man further than that height for which Nature capacitated him: and the affectation of following great Men in Works above the Genius of their Imitators, will never rise further than the production of uncommon and unsuitable Ornaments in a barren Discourse, like Flowers upon an Heath, such as the Author's Phrase of *something better than Perfection*: But indeed his Preface, if ever any thing was, is that *something better*, for it is so extraordinary, that we cannot say, it is too long or too short, or deny but that it is both. I think, I abstract my self from all manner of Prejudice, when I aver that no Man, tho' without any Obligation to Mr. Addison, would have represented him in his Family, and his Friendships or his personal Character, so disadvantageously, as his Secretary (in preference of whom he incurr'd the warmest resentments of other Gentlemen) has been pleas'd to describe him in those Particulars.

Mr. Dean Addison, Father of this memorable Man, left behind him four Children, each of whom, for excellent Talents and singular Perfections, was as much above the ordinary World, as their Brother *Joseph* was above them. Were things of this nature to be expos'd to publick View, I could shew under the Dean's own Hand, in the warmest Terms, his Blessing on the Friendship between his Son and me; nor had he a Child who did not prefer me in the first place of Kindness
and

DEDICATION.

and Esteem, as their Father lov'd me like one of them : and I can with great Pleasure say, I never omitted any opportunity of shewing that Zeal for their Persons and Interests as became a Gentleman and a Friend. Were I now to indulge my self, I could talk a great deal to you, which I am sure would be entertaining ; but as I am speaking at the same time to all the World, I consider'd 'twould be impertinent : let me then confine my self a while to the following Play, which I at first recommended to the Stage, and carried to the Press : No one who reads the Preface which I publish'd with it, will imagine I could be induc'd to say so much as I then did, had I not known the Man I best lov'd had had a part in it, or had I believ'd that any other concern'd had much more to do than as an Amanuensis.

But indeed had I not known, at the time of the Transaction, concerning the acting on the Stage and sale of the Copy, I should, I think, have seen Mr. *Addison* in every Page of it ; for he was above all Men in that Talent we call *Humour*, and enjoyed it in such Perfection, that I have often reflected, after a Night spent with him apart from all the World, that I had had the Pleasure of conversing with an intimate Acquaintance of *Terence* and *Catullus*, who had all their Wit and Nature heighten'd with *Humour*, more exquisite and delightful than any other Man ever possessed.

They who shall read this Play, after being let into the Secret that it was writ by Mr. *Addison*, or under his Direction, will probably be attentive to those Excellencies, which they before overlook'd, and wonder they did not till now observe, that there is not an Expression in the whole Piece which has not in it the most nice Propriety
and

DEDICATION.

and Aptitude to the Character which utters it; here is that smiling Mirth, that delicate Satire, and genteel Raillery which appear'd in Mr. Addison when he was free among Intimates: I say, when he was free from his remarkable Bashfulness, which is a Cloak that hides and muffles Merit; and his Abilities were cover'd only by Modesty, which doubles the Beauties which are seen, and gives Credit and Esteem to all that are conceal'd.

The Drummer made no great Figure on the Stage, tho' exquisitely well acted; but when I observe this, I say a much harder thing of the Stage, than of the Comedy. When I say the Stage in this place, I am understood to mean in general the present Taste of Theatrical Representations, where nothing that is not violent, and, as I may say, grossly delightful, can come on without hazard of being condemn'd, or slighted. It is here republish'd, and recommended as a Closer piece, to recreate an intelligent Mind in a vacant Hour; for vacant the Reader must be from every strong Prepossession, in order to relish an Entertainment (*Quod nequeo monstrare & sentio tantum*) which cannot be enjoy'd, to the degree it deserves, but by those of the most polite Taste among Scholars, the best Breeding among Gentlemen, and the least acquainted with sensual Pleasure among the Ladies.

The Editor is pleas'd to relate concerning *Cato*, that a Play under that Design was projected by the Author very early, and wholly laid aside; in advanced Years he reassum'd the same design, and many Years after four Acts were finish'd, he writ the fifth, and brought it upon the Stage. All the Town knows how officious I was in bringing

DEDICATION.

bringing it on; and you that know the Town, the Theatre and Mankind very well, can judge how necessary it was to take measures for making a Performance of that sort, excellent as it is, run into popular Applause. I promis'd before it was acted, and performed my Duty accordingly to the Author, that I would bring together so just an Audience on the first Days of it, it should be impossible for the Vulgar to put its Success or due Applause to any hazard; but I don't mention this, only to shew how good an *Aid de Camp* I was to Mr. *Addison*, but to shew also that the Editor does as much to cloud the Merit of this Work as I did to set it forth: Mr. *Tickell's* account of its being taken up, laid down, and at last perfected, after such long Intervals and Pauses, would make any one believe, who did not know Mr. *Addison*, that 'twas accomplish'd with the greatest Pain and Labour, and the issue rather of Learning and Industry than Capacity and Genius; but I do assure you, that never Play, which could bring the Author any Reputation for Wit and Conduct, notwithstanding it was so long before it was finish'd, employ'd the Author so little a time in writing: if I remember right, the fifth Act was written in less than a Week's time; for this was particular in this Writer, that when he had taken his Resolution, or made his Plan for what he design'd to write, he would walk about the Room and dictate it into Language with as much freedom and ease as any one could write it down, and attend to the Coherence and Grammar of what he dictated. I have been often thus employ'd by him, and never took it into my Head, tho' he only spoke it, and I took all the Pains of throwing it upon Paper, that I ought to call my self the Writer

DEDICATION.

ter of it. I will put all my Credit among Men of Wit for the Truth of my Averrment, when I presume to say, that no one but Mr. *Addison* was in any other Way the Writer of the *Drummer*; at the same time I will allow, that he sent for me, which he could always do, from his natural Power over me, as much as he could send for any of his Clerks when he was Secretary of State, and told me that a Gentleman then in the Room had written a Play that he was sure I would like, but it was to be a Secret, and he knew I would take as much Pains, since he recommended it, as I would for him. I hope, no body will be wrong'd or think himself aggrieved, that I give this rejected Work where I do; and if a certain Gentleman is injur'd by it, I will allow I have wrong'd him, upon this Issue, that (if the reputed Translator of the first Book of *Homer* shall please to give us another Book) there shall appear another good Judge in Poetry, besides Mr. *Alexander Pope*, who shall like it. But I detain you too long upon things that are too personal to my self, and will defer giving the World a true Notion of the Character and Talents of Mr. *Addison*, till I can speak of that amiable Gentleman on an occasion void of Controversy: I shall then perhaps say many things of him, which will be new even to you, with regard to him in all parts of his Character; for which I was so zealous, that I could not be contented with praising and adorning him as much as lay in my own Power, but was ever soliciting and putting my Friends upon the same Office. And since the Editor has adorn'd his heavy Discourse with Prose in Rhime at the end of it upon Mr. *Addison's* Death, give me leave to atone for this long and tedious Epistle, by giving
you

DEDICATION.

you after it what I dare say you will esteem, an excellent Poem on his Marriage. I must conclude without satisfying as strong a Desire as ever Man had of saying something remarkably handsome to the Person to whom I am writing; for you are so good a Judge, that you would find out the Endeavourer to be witty: and therefore as I have tir'd you and my self, I will be contented with assuring you, which I do very honestly, I had rather have you satisfied with me on this Subject, than any other Man living.

You will please to pardon me, that I have, thus, laid this nice Affair before a Person who has the acknowledg'd Superiority to all others, not only in the most excellent Talents, but possessing them with an Æquanimity, Candour and Benevolence, which render those Advantages a Pleasure as great to the rest of the World, as they can be to the Owner of them. And since Fame consists in the Opinion of wise and good Men, you must not blame me for taking the readiest way to baffle an attempt upon my Reputation, by an Address to one whom every wise and good Man looks upon with the greatest Affection and Veneration. I am,

SIR,

Your most oblig'd,

most obedient and

most humble Servant,

Richard Steele.

To the Countess of *WARWICK* On Her MARRIAGE.

By Mr. WELSTED.

Ambition long has Woman's Heart betray'd,
And Tinsel Grandeur caught th' unwary Maid;
The pompous Stiles, that strike th' admiring Throng,
Have glitter'd in the Eye of Beauty long:
You, Madam, first the Female Taste improve,
And give your Fellow-Charmers Laws for Love;
A Pomp you covet, not to Heralds known,
And sigh for Virtues equal to your own;
Part in a Man immortal greatly claim,
And frown on Titles, to ally with Fame:
Not Edward's Star, emboss'd with Silver Rays,
Can vie in Glory with thy Consort's Bays;
His Country's Pride does Homage to thy Charms,
And every Merit crowds into thy Arms.
While others gain light Conquests by their Eyes,
'Tis thine with Wisdom to subdue the Wise:
To their soft Chains while courteously Beaux submit,
'Tis thine to lead in Triumph captive Wit:
Her sighing Vassals let Clarinda boast,
Of Lace and languishing Cockades the Toast;
In Beauty's Pride unenvied let her reign,
And share that wanton Empire with the Vain.
For Thee the Arts of Greece and Rome combine;
And all the Glories, Cato gain'd, are thine:
Still Warwick in thy boasted Rank of Life,
But more illustrious, than when Warwick's Wife.

Come forth, reveal thy self, thou chosen Bride,
And shew great Nassau's Poet by thy side;
Thy bright Example shall instruct the Fair,
And future Nymphs shall make Renown their Care;
Embroid'ry less shall charm the Virgin's Eye,
And kind Coquets, for Plumes, less frequent die;
Secure shall Beauty reign, the Muse its Guard;
The Muse shall triumph, Beauty its Reward.

P R E.



PREFACE to the FIRST EDITION.

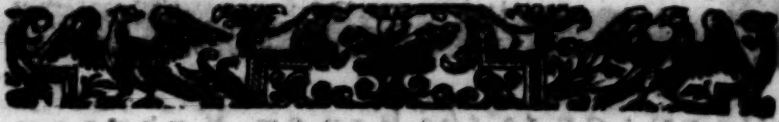
HAVING recommended this Play to the Town, and delivered the Copy of it to the Bookseller, I think my self oblig'd to give some Account of it.

It had been some Years in the Hands of the Author, and falling under my Perusal, I thought so well of it that I persuaded him to make a few Additions and Alterations to it, and let it appear upon the Stage. I own I was very highly pleased with it, and lik'd it the better, for the want of those studied Similes and Repartees, which we, who have writ before him, have thrown into our Plays, to indulge and gain upon a false Taste that has prevailed for many Years in the *British* Theatre. I believe the Author would have fallen into this Way a little more than he has, had he, before the writing of it, been often present at Theatrical Representations, and observ'd the Effect that such Ornaments generally have upon the Town. I was confirmed in my Thoughts of the Play, by the Opinion of better Judges to whom it was Communicated, who observed that the Scenes were written very much after *Moliere's* Manner, and that an easie and natural Vein of Humour ran through the whole.

I do not question but the Reader will discover this, and see many Beauties that escape the Audience; the Touches being too delicate for every Taste in a popular Assembly. My Brother-Sharers were of Opinion, at the first reading of it, that it was like a Picture in which the Strokes were not strong enough to appear with Advantage at a Distance. As it is not in the common way of Writing, the Approbation was at first Doubtful, but has risen every time it has been Acted, and has given an Opportunity in several of its Parts for as just and good Action as I ever saw on the Stage.

The Reader will consider that I speak here as the Patentee, for which Reason I forbear being more particular in the Character of this Play, lest I should appear like one, who cries up the Wares of his own Shop to draw in Customers.

Richard Steele.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

IN this Grave Age, when Comedies are few,
We crave your Patronage for one that's New;
Tho' 'twere poor Stuff, yet bid the Author fair,
And let the Scarceness recommend the Ware.
Long have your Ears been fill'd with Tragick Parts,
Blood and Blank-Verse have harden'd all your Hearts;
If e'er you smile, 'tis at some Party Stroaks,
Round-heads and Wooden-shoes are standing Jokes;
The same Conceit gives Claps and Hisses Birth,
You're grown such Politicians in your Mirth!
For once we try (tho' tis, I own, unsafe)
To please you All, and make both Parties laugh.

Our Author, anxious for his Fame To-night,
And bashful in his first Attempt to write,
Lies cautiously obscure and unreveal'd,
Like Ancient Actors in a Masque conceal'd.
Censure, when no Man knows who writes the Play,
Were much good Malice merely thrown away.
The mighty Criticks will not blast, for Shame,
A raw young Thing, who dares not tell his Name:
Good-natur'd Judges will th' Unknown defend,
And fear to blame, least they shou'd hurt a Friend:
Each Wit may praise it, for his own dear Sake,
And hint He writ it, if the Thing shou'd take.
But, if you're rough, and use him like a Dog,
Depend upon it——He'll remain Incog.

If

PROLOGUE.

*If you shou'd kiss, he swears He'll kiss as high,
And, like a Culprit, join the Hue-and-Cry.*

*If Cruel Men are still averse to spare
These Scenes, they fly for Refuge to the Fair.
Tho' with a Ghost our Comedy be heighten'd,
Ladies, upon my Word, you shan't be frighten'd;
O, 'tis a Ghost that scorns to be uncivil,
A well-spread, lusty, Fainture-hunting Devil;
An am'rous Ghost, that's faithful, fond and true,
Made up of Flesh and Blood—*as much as you.*
Then every Evening come in Flocks, undaunted;
We never think this House is too much Haunted.*



B

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

SIR *George Truman,*
Tinsel,

Fantome, the Drummer,

Vellam, Sir George Tru-
man's Steward,

Butler,

Coachman,

Gardener,

Mr. Wilks.

Mr. Gibber.

Mr. Mills.

Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Pinkethman.

Mr. Miller.

Mr. Norris.

W O M E N.

Lady Truman,

Abigail,

Mrs. Oldfield.

Mrs. Saunders.

T H E



THE
DRUMMER:
OR, THE
HAUNTED-HOUSE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Great Hall.

Enter the Butler, Coachman, and Gardener.

BUTLER.

THERE came another Coach to Town last Night, that brought a Gentleman to enquire about this strange Noise, we hear in the House. This Spirit will bring a power of Custom to the *George*—— If so be he continues his Pranks, I design to sell a Pot of Ale, and set up the Sign of the Drum.

B:2

Coach.

Coach. I'll give Madam warning, that's flat — I've always liv'd in Sober Families. I'll not disgrace my self to be a Servant in a House that is haunted.

Gard. I'll e'en marry *Will*, and rent a bit of Ground of my own, if both of you leave Madam; not but that Madam's a very good Woman — If Mrs. *Abigail* did not spoil her — come, here's her Health.

But. It's a very hard thing to be a Butler in a House, that is disturb'd. He made such a Racket in the Cellar last Night, that I'm afraid he'll sower all the Beer in my Barrels.

Coach. Why then, *John*, we ought to take it off as fast as we can. Here's to you — He rattled so loud under the Tiles last Night, that I verily thought the House wou'd have fallen over our Heads. I durst not go up into the Cock-Loft this Morning, if I had not got one of the Maids to go along with me.

Gard. I thought I heard him in one of my Bed-Posts — I marvel, *John*, how he gets into the House when all the Gates are shut.

But. Why look ye *Peter*, your Spirit will creep you into an Augre-Hole: — he'll whisk ye through a Key-Hole, without so much as jussling against one of the Wards.

Coach. Poor Madam is mainly frighted that's certain, and verily believes 'tis my Master that was kill'd in the last Campaign.

But. Out of all manner of Question, *Robin*, 'tis Sir *George*. Mrs. *Abigail* is of Opinion it can be none but his Honour; he always lov'd the Wars, and you know was mightily pleas'd from a Child with the Musick of a Drum.

Gard. I wonder his Body was never found after the Battle.

But. Found! Why, ye Fool, is not his Body here about the House? Dost thou think he can beat his Drum without Hands and Arms?

Coach. 'Tis Master as sure as I stand here alive, and I verily believe I saw him last Night in the Town-Close.

Gard. Ay! how did he appear?

Coach.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE. 9

Coach. Like a White Horse.

But. Pho, Robin, I tell ye he has never appear'd yet but in the Shape of the Sound of a Drum.

Coach. This makes one almost afraid of one's own Shadow. As I was walking from the Stable t'other Night without my Lanthorn, I fell a-cross a Beam, that lay in my way, and Faith my Heart was in my Mouth—— I thought I had stumbled over a Spirit.

But. Thou might'st as well have stumbled over a Straw; why, a Spirit is such a little little Thing, that I have heard a *Mao*, who was a great Scholar, say, that he'll dance ye a *Lancashire* Horn-Pipe upon the point of a Needle—— As I sat in the Pantry last Night counting my Spoons, the Candle methought burnt blue, and the spay'd Bitch look'd as if she saw something.

Coach. Ay poor Cur, she's almost frighten'd out of her Wits.

Gard. Ay I warrant ye, she hears him many a Time and often when we don't.

But. My Lady must have him Laid, that's certain, whatever it cost her.

Gard. I fancy, when one goes to Market, one might hear of some body that can make a Spell.

Coach. Why may not the Parson of our Parish lay him?

But. No, no, no, our Parson cannot lay him.

Coach. Why not he as well as another Man?

But. Why, ye Fool, he is not qualified—— He has not taken the Oaths.

Gard. Why, d'ye think *John*, that the Spirit wou'd take the Law of him?—— faith, I cou'd tell you one way to drive him off.

Coach. How's that?

Gard. I'll tell you immediately [*drinks*]—— I fancy Mrs. *Abigail* might Scold him out of the House.

Coach. Ay, she has a Tongue that would drown his Drum, if any thing cou'd.

But. Fugh, this is all froth! you understand nothing of the Matter—— the next time it makes a Noise, I tell

you what ought to be done, ——— I wou'd have the Steward speak Latin to it.

Coach. Ay that wou'd do, if the Steward had but Courage.

Gard. There you have it ——— He's a fearful Man. If I had as much Learning as he, and I met the Ghost, I'd tell him his own! but alack what can one of us poor Men do with a Spirit, that can neither Write nor Read?

But. Thou art always tracking and boasting, *Peter*; thou dost not know what Mischief it might do thee, if such a silly Dog as thee should offer to speak to it. For ought I know, he might flea thee alive, and make Parchment of thy Skin to cover his Drum with.

Gard. A Fidlestick! tell not me ——— I fear nothing; not I! I never did harm in my Life, I never committed Murder.

But. I verily believe thee; keep thy Temper, *Peter*; after Supper we'll drink each of us a double Mug, and then let come what will.

Gard. Why that's well said, *John*; an honest Man that is not quite sober, has nothing to fear ——— Here's to ye ——— why how if he shou'd come this Minute, here wou'd I stand. Ha! what Noise is that?

But. & Coach. Ha! where?

Gard. The Devil! the Devil! Oh no, 'tis Mrs. *Abigail*.

But. Ay faith! 'tis she; 'tis Mrs. *Abigail*! a good Miskake! 'tis Mrs. *Abigail*.

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Here are your drunken Sots for you! Is this a time to be guzling, when Gentry are come to the House! why don't You lay your Cloth? How come You out of the Stables? Why are not You at work in your Garden?

Gard. Why, yonder's the fine *Londoner* and Madam fetching a Walk together, and me-thought they look'd as if they should say they had rather have my Room than my Company.

But. And so Forsooth being all three met together, we are doing our Endeavours to drink this same Drummer out of our Heads.

Gard.

The HAUNTED HOUSE.

7

Gard. For you must know, Mrs. *Abigail*, we are all of Opinion that one can't be a Match for him, unless one be as Drunk as a Drum.

Coach. I am resolved to give Madam Warning to hire herself another Coachman; for I came to serve my Master, d'y'e see, while he was alive, but do suppose that he has no further occasion for a Coach, now he Walks.

But. Truly, Mrs. *Abigail*, I must needs say, that this same Spirit is a very odd sort of a Body, after all, to fright Madam and his old Servants at this rate.

Gard. And truly, Mrs. *Abigail*, I must needs say, I serv'd my Master contentedly, while he was living; but I will serve no Man living (that is, no Man that is not living) without double Wages.

Ab. Ay, 'tis such Cowards as you that go about with Idle Stories, to disgrace the House, and bring so many Strangers about it; you first frighten your selves, and then your Neighbours.

Gard. Frighten'd! I scorn your Words. Frighten'd quoth-a!

Ab. What you Sot! are you grown Pot-valiant?

Gard. Frighten'd with a Drum! that's a good one! it will do us no harm, I'll answer for it. It will bring no Blood-shed along with it, take my Word. It sounds as like a Train-Band Drum as ever I heard in my Life.

But. Pr'ythee, *Peter*, don't be so presumptuous.

Ab. Well, these drunken Rogues take it as I cou'd wish. [Aside.]

Gard. I scorn to be frightned, now I am in for't; if old *Dub-a-dub* shou'd come into the Room, I wou'd take him ———

But. Pr'ythee hold thy Tongue.

Gard. I would take him ———

[The Drum beats, the Gard. endeavours to get off, and falls.]

But. & *Coach.* Speak to it, Mrs. *Abigail*.

Gard. Spare my Life, and take all I have.

Coach. Make off, make off, good Butler, and let us go hide our selves in the Cellar. [They all run off.]

Abigail Solus

Ab. So, now the Coast is clear, I may venture to call out my Drummer. — But first let me shut the Door, lest we be surpriz'd. *Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome!* [*He beats.*] Nay, nay, pray come out, the Enemy's fled — I must speak with you immediately — don't stay to beat a Parley.

[*The back Scene opens and discovers Fantome with a Drum.*]

Fan. Dear Mrs. Nabby, I have overheard all that has been said, and find thou hast manag'd this thing so well, that I cou'd take thee in my Arms, and kiss thee — if my Drum did not stand in my way.

Ab. Well, O my Conscience, you are the merriest Ghost! and the very Picture of Sir George Truman.

Fan. There you flatter me, Mrs. Abigail; Sir George had that Freshness in his Looks, that we Men of the Town cannot come up to.

Ab. Oh! Death may have alter'd you, you know — besides, you must consider, you lost a great deal of Blood in the Battle.

Fan. Ay, that's right; let me look never so pale, this Cut cross my Forehead will keep me in Countenance.

Ab. 'Tis just such a one as my Master receiv'd from a curst French Trooper, as my Lady's Letter inform'd her.

Fan. It happens luckily that this Suit of Cloaths of Sir George's fits me so well, — I think I can't fail hitting the Air of a Man with whom I was so long acquainted.

Ab. You are the very Man. — I vow I almost start when I look upon you.

Fan. But what good will this do me, if I must remain invisible?

Ab. Pray what good did your being visible do you? the fair Mr. Fantome thought no Woman cou'd withstand him — But when you were seen by my Lady in your proper Person, after she had taken a full survey of you, and heard all the pretty things you cou'd say, she very civilly dismiss'd you for the sake of this empty, noisy Creature

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 9

ture *Tinsel*. She fancies you have been gone from hence this Fortnight.

Fan. Why really I love thy Lady so well, that tho' I had no Hopes of gaining her for my self, I cou'd not bear to see her given to another, especially to such a Wretch as *Tinsel*.

Ab. Well, tell me truly Mr. *Fansome*, have not you a great Opinion of my Fidelity to my dear Lady, that I wou'd not suffer her to be deluded in this Manner, for less than a Thousand Pound?

Fan. Thou art always reminding me of my Promise— thou shalt have it, if thou canst bring our Project to bear; do'st not know that Stories of Ghosts and Apparitions generally end in a Pot of Money?

Ab. Why, truly now Mr. *Fansome*, I shou'd think my self a very bad Woman, if I had done what I do, for a Farthing less.

Fan. Dear *Abigail*, how I admire thy Virtue!

Ab. No, no, Mr. *Fansome*, I defy the worst of my Enemies to say I love Mischief for Mischief sake.

Fan. But is thy Lady perswaded that I am the Ghost of her deceased Husband?

Ab. I endeavour to make her believe so, and tell her every time your Drum rattles, that her Husband is chiding her for entertaining this new Lover.

Fan. Pr'ythee make use of all thy Art, for I am tir'd to Death with strowling round this wide old House, like a Rat behind a Wainscot.

Ab. Did not I tell you, 'twas the purest Place in the World for you to play your Tricks in; there's none of the Family that knows every Hole and Corner in it, besides my self.

Fan. Ah Mrs. *Abigail*! You have had your Intrigue.—

Ab. For you must know when I was a romping young Girl I was a mighty Lover of *Hide and Seek*.

Fan. I believe, by this Time, I am as well acquainted with the House as your self,

Ab. You are very much mistaken, Mr. *Fansome*; but no matter for that; here is to be your Station To-night. This is the Place unknown to any one living besides my self,

since the Death of the Joyner; who, you must understand, being a Lover of mine, contriv'd the Wainscot to move to and fro, in the manner that you find it. I design'd it for a Wardrobe for my Lady's cast Cloaths. Oh! the Stomachers, Stays, Petticoats, Commodes, lac'd Shoes, and good things that I have had in it!—— pray take care you don't break the Cherry-Brandy Bottle, that stands up in the Corner.

Fan. Well Mrs. *Abigail*, I hire your Closet of you, but for this one Night—— a thousand Pound you know is a very good Rent.

Ab. Well, get you gone; you have such a way with you there's no denying you any thing!

Fan. I'm a thinking how *Tinsel* will stare, when he sees me come out of the Wall: for I am resolv'd to make my Appearance To-night.

Ab. Get you in, get you in, my Lady's at the Door.

Fan. Pray take care she does not keep me up so late, as she did last Night; or depend upon it I'll beat the Tattoo.

Ab. I'm undone, I'm undone—— [*As he is going in*] Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome*, you have put the thousand Pound Board into my Brother's Hands?

Fan. Thou shalt have it, I tell thee, thou shalt have it.

[*Fantome goes in.*]

Ab. No more Words—— Vanish, Vanish.

Enter Lady.

Ab. [*opening the Door.*] Oh, dear Madam, was it you that made such a knocking? my Heart does so beat—— I vow you have frighted me to Death—— I thought verily it had been the Drummer.

Lady. I have been showing the Garden to Mr. *Tinsel*; he's most insufferably witty upon us about this Story of the Drum.

Ab. Indeed, Madam, he's a very loose Man! I'm afraid 'tis he that hinders my poor Master from resting in his Grave.

Lady. Well! an *Infidel* is such a Novelty in the Country, that I am resolv'd to divert my self a Day or two at least with the Oddness of his Conversation.

Ab.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 11

Ab. Ah, Madam! the Drum began to beat in the House as soon as ever this Creature was admitted to visit you. All the while Mr. *Fantome* made his Addresses to you, there was not a Mouse stirring in the Family more than us'd to be——

Lady. This Baggage has some Design upon me, more than I can yet discover. [*Aside.*]—— Mr. *Fantome* was always thy Favourite.

Ab. Ay, and shou'd have been yours too, by my Consent! Mr. *Fantome* was not such a slight fantastick thing as this is.—— Mr. *Fantome* was the best-built Man one shou'd see in a Summer's Day! Mr. *Fantome* was a Man of Honour, and lov'd you! Poor Soul! how has he sigh'd when he has talk'd to me of my hard-hearted Lady—— Well! I had as lief as a thousand Pound, you wou'd marry Mr. *Fantome*.

Lady. To tell thee truly, I lov'd him well enough till I found he lov'd me so much. But Mr. *Tinsel* makes his Court to me with so much Neglect and Indifference, and with such an agreeable Sauciness—— Not that I say I'll marry him.

Ab. Marry him, quoth-a! no, if you should, you'll be awaken'd sooner than married Couples generally are—— You'll quickly have a Drum at your Window.

Lady. I'll hide my Contempt of *Tinsel* for once, if it be but to see what this Wench drives at. [*Aside.*]

Ab. Why, suppose your Husband, after this fair Warning he has given you, shou'd sound you an Alarm at Midnight; then open your Curtains with a Face as pale as my Apron, and cry out with a hollow Voice, What dost thou do in Bed with this Spindle-shank'd Fellow?

Lady. Why wilt thou needs have it to be my Husband? he never had any reason to be offended at me. I always lov'd him while he was living, and shou'd prefer him to any Man, were he so still. Mr. *Tinsel* is indeed very idle in his Talk, but I fancy, *Abigail*, a discreet Woman might reform him.

Ab. That's a likely matter indeed! did you ever hear of a Woman who had Power over a Man, when she was his Wife, that had none while she was his Mistress! Oh! there's

there's nothing in the World improves a Man in his Complaisance, like Marriage!

Lady. He is indeed, at present, too familiar in his Conversation.

Ab. Familiar! Madam, in Troth he's downright rude!

Lady. But that you know, *Abigail*, shows he has no Dissimulation in him!—Then he is apt to jest a little too much upon grave Subjects.

Ab. Grave Subjects! he jests upon the Church.

Lady. But that you know, *Abigail*, may be only to show his Wit!—Then it must be own'd, he's extremely Talkative.

Ab. Talkative d'ye call it! he's downright impertinent.

Lady. But that you know, *Abigail*, is a Sign he has been us'd to good Company!—Then indeed he is very positive.

Ab. Positive! Why he contradicts you in every thing you say.

Lady. But then you know, *Abigail*, he has been educated at the Inns of Court.

Ab. A blessed Education indeed! it has made him forget his Catechism!

Lady. You talk as if you hated him.

Ab. You talk as if you lov'd him.

Lady. Hold your Tongue! here he comes.

Enter Tinsel.

Tin. My dear Widow!

Ab. My dear Widow! marry come up!

[*Aside.*

Lady. Let him alone, *Abigail*, so long as he does not call me My dear Wife, there's no Harm done.

Tin. I have been most ridiculously diverted since I left you—Your Servants have made a Convert of my Booby. His Head is so filled with this foolish Story of a Drummer, that I expect the Rogue will be afraid hereafter to go upon a Message by Moon-light.

Lady. Ah, Mr. *Tinsel*, what a Loss of Billet-doux would that be to many a fine Lady!

Ab. Then you still believe this to be a foolish Story? I thought my Lady had told you, that she had heard it herself!

Tin.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 13

Tim. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Why, you won'd not persuade our of our Senses?

Tim. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. There's Manners for you, Madam. *[Aside.]*

Easy. Admirably rally'd! that Laught is unanswerable! Now I'll be hang'd if you could forbear being witty upon me; if I should tell you I heard it no longer ago than last Night.

Tim. Fancy!

Lady. But what if I should tell you my Maid was with me!

Tim. Vapours! Vapours! Pray, my dear Widow, will you answer me one Question?—Had you ever this Noise of a Drum in your Head; all the while your Husband was living?

Lady. And pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, will you let me ask you a nother Question? Do you think we can Hear in the Country, as well as you do in Town?

Tim. Believe me, Madam, I could prescribe you a Cure for these Imaginations.

Ab. Don't tell my Lady of Imaginations, Sir, I have heard it my self.

Tim. Hark thee, Child—art thou not an old Maid?

Ab. Sir, if I am, it is my own Fault.

Tim. Whims! Freaks! Megrimms! indeed Mrs. *Abigail*.

Ab. Merry, Sir, by your Talk one won'd believe you thought every thing that was good is a Megrim.

Lady. Why truly I don't very well understand what you meant by your Doctrine to me in the Garden just now, that every thing we saw was made by Chance.

Ab. A very pretty Subject indeed for a Lover to divert his Mistress with.

Lady. But I suppose that was only a Taste of the Conversation you would entertain me with after Marriage.

Tim. Oh, I shall then have time to read you such Lectures of Motions, Atoms, and Nature—that you shall learn to think as Freely as the best of us, and be convinced in less than a Month, that all about us is Chance-work.

Lady. You are a very complaisant Person indeed; and so you would make your Court to me, by persuading me that I was made by Chance!

Tim.

14 *The DRUMMER: Or,*

Tim. Ha, ha, ha! well said, my Dear! why, faith, thou wert a very lucky Hit, that's certain!

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, where did you learn this odd way of talking?

Tim. Ah, Widow, 'tis your Country Innocence makes you think it an odd way of talking.

Lady. Tho' you give no Credit to Stories of Apparitions, I hope you believe there are such things as Spirits!

Tim. Simplicity!

Ab. I fancy you don't believe Women have Souls, d'ye Sir?

Tim. Foolish enough!

Lady. I vow, Mr. *Tinsel*, I'm afraid malicious People will say I'm in love with an Atheist.

Tim. Oh, my Dear, that's an old-fashion'd Word—— I'm a Free-thinker, Child!

Ab. I am sure you are a Free-speaker!

Lady. Really, Mr. *Tinsel*, considering that you are so fine a Gentleman, I'm amaz'd where you got all this Learning! I wonder it has not spoil'd your Breeding.

Tim. To tell you the Truth, I have not time to look into these dry Matters my self, but I am convinc'd by four or five learned Men, whom I sometimes over-hear at a Coffee-house I frequent, that our Forefathers were a Pack of Asses, that the World has been in an Error for some Thousands of Years, and that all the People upon Earth, excepting those two or three worthy Gentlemen, are impos'd upon, cheated, bubbled, abus'd, bamboozl'd——

Ab. Madam, how can you hear such a Profligate? he talks like the *London* Prodigal.

Lady. Why really, I'm a thinking, if there be no such things as Spirits, a Woman has no Occasion for marrying—— She need not be afraid to lie by her self.

Tim. Ah! my Dear! are Husbands good for nothing but to frighten away Spirits? Dost thou think I could not instruct thee in several other Comforts of Matrimony?

Lady. Ah! but you are a Man of so much Knowledge, that you would always be laughing at my Ignorance—— You learned Men are so apt to despise one!

Tim. No, Child! I'd teach thee my Principles, thou should'st be as wise as I am—— in a Week's time.

Lady. Do you think your Principles wou'd make a Woman the better Wife?

Tim.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 15

Tim. Pr'ythee, Widow, don't be queer.

Lady. I love a gay Temper, but I would not have you rally things that are serious.

Tim. Well enough faith! where's the Jest of rallying any thing else!

Ab. Ah, Madam, did you ever hear Mr. *Fauslane* talk at this Rate? [Aside.

Tim. But where's this Ghost! this Son of a Whore of a Drummer? I'd fain hear him methinks.

Ab. Pray, Madam, don't suffer him to give the Ghost such ill Language, especially when you have Reason to believe it is my Master.

Tim. That's well enough faith, *Nab*; dost think thy Master is so unreasonable, as to continue his Claim to his Relict after his Bones are laid? Pray, Widow, remember the Words of your Contract, you have fulfill'd them to a Tittle—— Did not you marry Sir *George* to the Tune of 'till Death us do part?

Lady. I must not hear Sir *George's* Memory treated in so slight a Manner—— This Fellow must have been at some Pains to make himself such a finish'd Coxcomb.

[Aside.
Tim. Give me but Possession of your Person, and I'll whirl you up to Town for a Winter, and cure you at once. Oh! I have known many a Country Lady come to London with frightful Stories of the Hall-House being haunted, of Fairies, Spirits, and Witches; that by the time she had seen a Comedy, play'd at an Assembly, and ambled in a Ball or two, has been so little afraid of Bug-bears, that she has ventur'd home in a Chair at all Hours of the Night.

Ab. Hum—— Sauce-box. [Aside.

Tim. 'Tis the Solitude of the Country that creates these Whimfies; there was never such a thing as a Ghost heard of at London, except in the Play-house— Oh we'd pass all our time in London. 'Tis the Scene of Pleasure and Divisions, where there's something to amuse you every Hour of the Day. Life's not Life in the Country.

Lady. Well then, you have an Opportunity of showing the Sincerity of that Love to me which you profess. You may give a Proof that you have an Affection to my Person, not my Jointure.

Tim.

Tim. Your Jointure? How can you think me such a Dog! But, Child, won't your Jointure be the same thing in London as in the Country?

Lady. No, you're deceiv'd! You must know it is settled on me by Marriage Articles, on Condition that I live in this old Mansion-House, and keep it up in Repair.

Tim. How!

Ab. That's well put, Madam.

Tim. Why faith I have been looking upon this House, and think it is the prettiest Habitation I ever saw in my Life.

Lady. Ay, but then this cruel Drum!

Tim. Something so venerable in it!

Lady. Ay, but the Drum!

Tim. For my part, I like this Gothic Way of Building better than any of your new Orders—it would be a thousand Pities it should fall to Ruin.

Lady. Ay, but the Drum!

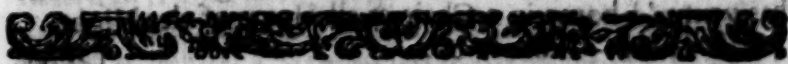
Tim. How pleasantly we two could pass our Time in this delicious Situation. Our Lives wou'd be a continued Dream of Happiness. Come, faith, Widow, let's go upon the Leads, and take a View of the Country.

Lady. Ay, but the Drum! the Drum!

Tim. My Dear, take my Word for't 'tis all Fancy: Besides, shou'd he drum in thy very Bed-Chamber, I shou'd only hug thee the closer.

Clasp'd in the Folds of Love, I'd meet my Doom,

And all my Foy, tho' Thunder shook the Room.



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE opens, and discovers Vellum in his Office, and a Letter in his Hand.

Vellum. THIS Letter astonisheth; may I believe my own Eyes—or rather my Spectacles—To Humphrey Vellum Esq. Steward to the Lady Truman.

Vellum,

The HAUNTED HOUSE.

17

Vellum,

I Doubt not but you will be glad to hear your Master is alive, and design to be with you in half an Hour. The Report of my being slain in the Netherlands, has, I find, produced some Disorders in my Family. I am now at the George-Inn: If an old Man with a grey Beard, in a black Cloak, enquires after you, give him Admittance. He passes for a Conjuror, but is really

Your Faithful Friend,

G. Trumh.

P. S. Let this be a Secret, and you shall find your Account in it.

This amazeth me! and yet the Reasons, why I should believe he is still living are manifold——First, because this has often been the Case of other Military Adventurers.

Secondly, because the News of his Death was first published in *Dier's Letters*.

Thirdly, because this Letter can be written by none but himself——I know his Hand, and manner of Spelling.

Fourthly,

Enter Butler.

Duo. Sir, here's a strange old Gentleman that asks for you; he says he's a Conjuror, but he looks very suspicious: I wish he ben't a Jesuit.

Vel. Admit him immediately.

Bur. I wish he ben't a Jesuit; but he says he's nothing but a Conjuror.

Vel. He says right——He is no more than a Conjuror. Bring him in and withdraw. *[Exit Butler.]*

And Fourthly, as I was saying, Because——

Enter Butler with Sir George.

Duo. Sir, here is the Conjuror——What a devilish long Beard he has! I warrant it has been growing these hundred Years. *[Aside. Exit.]*

Sir G. Dear Vellum, you have receiv'd my Letter: But before we proceed, lock the Door.

Vel. It is his Voice.

[Shuts the Door.]

Sir G.

Sir G. In the next Place, help me off with this cumbersome Cloak.

Vel. It is his Shape.

Sir G. So, now lay my Beard upon the Table.

Vel. [After having look'd on Sir George thro' his Spectacles.] It is his Face, every Lincament!

Sir G. Well now, I have put off the Conjurer and the old Man, I can talk to thee more at my Ease.

Vel. Believe me, my good Master, I am as much rejoiced to see you alive, as I was upon the Day you were born. Your Name was, in all the News-papers, in the List of those that were slain.

Sir G. We have not Time to be particular. I shall only tell thee in general, that I was taken Prisoner in the Bat-tel, and was under close Confinement for several Months. Upon my Release, I was resolv'd to surprize my Wife with the News of my being alive. I know, *Vellum*, you are a Person of so much Penetration, that I need not use any further Arguments to convince you that I am so.

Vel. I am——and moreover, I question not but your good Lady will likewise be convinced of it. Her Honour is a discerning Lady.

Sir G. I'm only afraid she shou'd be convinc'd of it to her Sorrow. Is not she pleas'd with her imaginary Widowhood? Tell me truly, was she afflicted at the Report of my Death?

Vel. Sorely.

Sir G. How long did her Grief last?

Vel. Longer than I have known any Widow's——at least three Days.

Sir G. Three Days, say'st thou? Three whole Days? I'm afraid thou flatterest me!——O Woman! Woman!

Vel. Grief is twofold.

Sir G. This Blockhead is as methodical as ever——but I know he's honest.

Vel. There is a real Grief, and there is a methodical Grief; she was drowned in Tears till such time as the Tay-
lor had made her Widow's Weeds——Indeed they became her.

Sir G. Became her! and was that her Comfort? Truly a most seasonable Consolation!

Vel.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 19

Vel. But I must needs say she paid a due Regard to your Memory, and could not forbear weeping when she saw Company.

Sir G. That was kind indeed! I find she griev'd with a great deal of Good-Breeding. But how comes this Gang of Lovers about her?

Vel. Her Jointure is considerable.

Sir G. How this Fool torments me!

[*Aside.*

Vel. Her Person is amiable——

Sir G. Death!

[*Aside.*

Vel. But her Character is unblemish'd. She has been as virtuous in your Absence as a *Penelope*——

Sir G. And has had as many Suitors.

Vel. Several have made their Overtures.

Sir G. Several!

Vel. But she has rejected all.

Sir G. There thou reviv'st me— But what means this *Tinsel*? Are his Visits acceptable?

Vel. He is young.

Sir G. Does she listen to him?

Vel. He is gay.

Sir G. Sure she could never entertain a Thought of marrying such a Coxcomb!

Vel. He is not ill made.

Sir G. Are the Vows and Protestations that pass between us come to this! I can't bear the Thought of it! Is *Tinsel* the Man design'd for my worthy Successor?

Vel. You do not consider that you have been dead these fourteen Months——

Sir G. Was there ever such a Dog?

[*Aside.*

Vel. And I have often heard her say, that she must never expect to find a second *Sir George Truman*— meaning your Ho—nour.

Sir G. I think she lov'd me; but I must search into this Story of the *Drummer* before I discover my self to her. I have put on this Habit of a Conjuror, in order to introduce my self. It must be your Business to recommend me as a most profound Person, that by my great Knowledge in the curious Arts can silence the *Drummer*, and dispossess the House.

Vel. I am going to lay my Accounts before my Lady,

and

and I will endeavour to prevail upon her Ho-nour to admit the Tryal of your Art.

Sir G. I have scarce heard of any of these Stories that did not arise from a Love Intrigue—Amours raise as many Ghosts as Murders.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal* endeavours to persuade us, that 'tis your Ho-nour who troubles the House.

Sir G. That convinces me 'tis a Cheat; for I think, *Vellum*, I may be pretty well assur'd it is not me.

Vel. I am apt to think so truly. Ha—ha—ha!

Sir G. *Abigal* had always an Ascendant over her Lady, and if there is a Trick in this Matter, depend upon it she is at the Bottom of it. I'll be hang'd if this Ghost be not one of *Abigal's* Familiars.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal* has of late been very mysterious.

Sir G. I fancy, *Vellum*, thou could'st worm it out of her. I know formerly there was an Amour between you.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal* hath her Allurements; and she knows I have pick'd up a Competency in your Ho-nour's Service.

Sir G. If thou ha'st, all I ask of thee in return is, that thou would'st immediately renew thy Addresses to her. Coax her up. Thou hast such a silver Tongue; *Vellum*, as 'twill be impossible for her to withstand. Besides, she is so very a Woman, that she'll like thee the better for giving her the Pleasure of telling a Secret. In short, wheedle her out of it, and I shall act by the Advice which thou givest me.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal* was never deaf to me, when I talked upon that Subject. I will take an Opportunity of addressing my self to her in the most pathetick Manner.

Sir G. In the mean time, lock me up in your Office; and Bring me word what Success you have—Well, sure I am the first that ever was employ'd to lay himself.

Vel. You are indeed a threefold Part in this House; you are a Ghost, a Conjuror, and my Ho-noured Master Sir *George Truman*; he, he, he! You will pardon me for being jocular.

Sir G. O, Mr. *Vellum*, with all my Heart. You know I love you Men of Wit and Humour. Be as merry as thou pleasest, so thou do'st thy Business. [*Mimicking him.*] You will remember, *Vellum*, your Commission is two-fold, first to gain Admission for me to your Lady, and secondly to get the Secret out of *Abigal*.

Vel.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 21

Vel. It sufficeth.

The SCENE shuts.

Enter Lady sola.

Lady. Women who have been happy in a first Marriage, are the most apt to venture upon a second. But for my part, I had a Husband so every way suited to my Inclinations, that I must entirely forget him, before I can like another Man. I have now been a Widow but fourteen Months, and have had twice as many Lovers, all of 'em profess Admirers of my Person, but passionately in love with my Jointure. I think it is a Revenge I owe my Sex to make an Example of this worthless Tribe of Fellows, who grow impudent, dress themselves fine, and fancy we are oblig'd to provide for 'em. But of all my Captives, Mr. *Tinsel* is the most extraordinary in his kind. I hope the Diversion I give my self with him is unblameable. I'm sure 'tis necessary, to turn my Thoughts off from the Memory of that dear Man, who has been the greatest Happiness and Affliction of my Life. My Heart would be a Prey to Melancholy, if I did not find these innocent Methods of relieving it. But here comes *Abigail*. I must tease the Baggage, for I find she has taken it into her Head that I am entirely at her Disposal.

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Madam! Madam! yonder's Mr. *Tinsel* has as good as taken Possession of your House. Marry, he says, he must have Sir *George's* Apartment enlarg'd; for truly, says he, I hate to be straiten'd. Nay, he was so impudent as to shew me the Chamber where he intends to consummate, as he calls it.

Lady. Well! he's a wild Fellow.

Ab. Indeed he's a very sad Man, Madam.

Lady. He's young, *Abigail*; 'tis a thousand Pities he should be lost; I should be mighty glad to reform him.

Ab. Reform him! marry hang him!

Lady. Has not he a great deal of Life?

Ab. Ay, enough to make your Heart ache.

Lady. I dare say thou think'st him a very agreeable Fellow.

Ab.

Ab. He thinks himself so, I'll answer for him.

Lady. He's very good-natur'd!

Ab. He ought to be so, for he's very silly.

Lady. Dost thou think he loves me?

Ab. Mr. *Fantome* did, I am sure.

Lady. With what Raptures he talk'd!

Ab. Yes, but 'twas in Praise of your Jointure-House.

Lady. He has kept bad Company.

Ab. They must be very bad indeed, if they were worse than himself.

Lady. I have a strong Fancy a good Woman might reform him.

Ab. It wou'd be a fine Experiment, if it shou'd not succeed.

Lady. Well, *Abigail*, we'll talk of that another time; here comes the Steward, I have no further Occasion for you at present.

[*Exit Abigail.*]

Enter Vellum.

Vel. Madam, is your Ho-nour at Leisure to look into the Accounts of the last Week? They rise very high—House-keeping is chargeable in a House that is haunted.

Lady. How comes that to pass? I hope the Drum neither eats nor drinks? But read your Account, *Vellum*.

Vel. [*putting on and off his Spectacles in this Scene.*] A Hog-shead and a half of Ale—it is not for the Ghost's drinking—But your Ho-nour's Servants say they must have something to keep up their Courage against this strange Noise. They tell me they expect a double Quantity of Malt in their Small Beer so long as the House continues in this Condition.

Lady. At this rate they'll take care to be frighten'd all the Year round, I'll answer for 'em. But go on.

Vel. *Item*, Two Sheep, and a—Where is the Ox?—Oh, here I have him—and an Ox—Your Ho-nour must always have a Piece of cold Beef in the House for the Entertainment of so many Strangers, who come from all Parts to hear this Drum. *Item*, Bread, ten Peck Loaves—They cannot eat Beef without Bread—*Item*, three Barrels of Table Beer—They must have Drink with their Meat.

Lady. Sure no Woman in England has a Steward that makes

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 23

makes such ingenious Comments on his Works. [*Aside.*

Vel. Item, to Mr. Tinsel's Servants five Bottles of Port Wine—— It was by your Ho-nour's Order—— *Item,* three Bottles of Sack for the Use of Mrs. *Abigail.*

Lady. I suppose that was by your own Order.

Vel. We have been long Friends, we are your Ho-nour's Ancient Servants, Sack is an innocent Cordial, and gives her Spirit to chide the Servants, when they are tardy in their Business; he, he, he! pardon me for being Jocular.

Lady. Well, I see you'll come together at last.

Vel. Item, a dozen Pound of Warch-lights for the Use of the Servants.

Lady. For the Use of the Servants! What, are the Rogues afraid of sleeping in the Dark? What an unfortunate Woman am I! This is such a particular Distress, it puts me to my Wits End. *Vellum,* what wou'd you advise me to do?

Vel. Madam, your Ho-nour has two Points to consider. *Imprimis,* To retrench these extravagant Expences, which so many Strangers bring upon you.— *Secondly,* To clear the House of this Invisible Drummer.

Lady. This learned Division leaves me just as wise as I was. But how must we bring these two Points to bear?

Vel. I beseech your Ho-nour to give me the hearing.

Lady. I do. But pr'ythee take pity on me, and be not tedious.

Vel. I will be concise. There is a certain Person arrived this Morning, an aged Man of a venerable Aspect, and of a long hoary Beard, that reacheth down to his Girdle. The common People call him a Wizard, a White-Witch, a Conjuror, a Cunning-Man, a Necromancer, a——

Lady. No matter for his Titles. But what of all this?

Vel. Give me the hearing, good my Lady! he pretends to great Skill in the occult Sciences, and is come hither upon the Rumor of this *Drum.* If one may believe him, he knows the Secret of laying Ghosts, or of quiering Houses that are haunted.

Lady. Pho, these are idle Stories to amuse the Country People, this can do us no good.

Vel. It can do us no harm, my Lady.

Lady. I dare say thou do'st not believe there is any thing in it thyself.

Vel.

Vel. I cannot say, I do; there is no Danger however in the Experiment. Let him try his Skill; if it shou'd succeed, we are rid of the Drum; if it shou'd not, we may tell the World that it has, and by that means at least get out of this Expensive way of living; so that it must turn to your Advantage one way or another.

Lady. I think you argue very rightly. But where is the Man? I would fain see him. He must be a Curiosity.

Vel. I have already discours'd him, and he is to be with me, in my Office, half an Hour hence. He asks nothing for his Pains, 'till he has done his Work; — no Cure, no Money.

Lady. That Circumstance, I must confess, wou'd make one believe there is more in his Art than one wou'd imagine. Pray *Vallum* go and fetch him hither immediately.

Vel. I am gone. He shall be forth-coming forthwith.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Butler, Coachman, and Gardener.

But. Rate News, my Lads, rare News!

Gard. What's the Matter? hast thou got any more Vales for us?

But. No, 'tis better than that.

Coach. Is there another Stranger come to the House?

But. Ay, such a Stranger as will make all our Lives easy.

Gard. What! is he a Lord?

But. A Lord! No, nothing like it, — He's a Conjuror.

Coach. A Conjuror! what, is he come a wooing to my Lady?

But. No, no, you Fool, he's come a purpose to lay the Spirit.

Coach. Ay marry that's good News indeed, But where is he?

But. He is lock'd up with the Steward in his Office, they are laying their Heads together very close. I fancy they are casting a Figure.

Gard. Pr'ythee John, what sort of a Creature is a Conjuror?

But. Why he's made much as other Men are, if it was not for his long grey Beard.

Coach. Look ye Peter, it stands with reason, that a Conjuror

Conjurer should have a long grey Beard—for did ye ever know a Witch that was not an old Woman?

Gard. Why! I remember a Conjurer once at a Fayr, that to my thinking was a very Smock-fac'd Man, and yet he spew'd out fifty Yards of green Ferret. I fancy, *John*, if thou'dst get him into the Pantry and give him a Cup of Ale, he'd shew us a few Tricks. Dost thou think we cou'd not persuade him to swallow one of thy Case-Knives for his Diversion? He'll certainly bring it up again.

But. Peter! thou art such a Wise-acre! Thou dost not know the Difference between a Conjurer and a Jugler. This Man must be a very great Master of his Trade. His Beard is at least half a Yard long, he's dress'd in a strange dark Cloak, as black as a Coal: your Conjurer always goes in Mourning.

Gard. Is he a Gentleman? had he a Sword by his Side?

But. No, no, he's too grave a Man for that, a Conjurer is as grave as a Judge,—but he had a long white Wand in his Hand.

Coach. You may be sure there's a good deal of Virtue in that Wand—I fancy 'tis made out of Witch Elm.

Gard. I warrant you if the Ghost appears, he'll whisk ye that Wand before his Eyes, and strike you the Drumstick out of his Hand.

But. No; the Wand, look ye, is to make a Circle, and if he once gets the Ghost in a Circle, then he has him—let him get out again if he can. A Circle, you must know, is a Conjurer's Trap.

Coach. But what will he do with him, when he has him there?

But. Why then he'll overpower him with his Learning.

Gard. If he can once compass him, and get him in Lobs-Pound, he'll make nothing of him, but speak a few hard Words to him, and perhaps bind him over to his good Behaviour, for a thousand Years.

Coach. Ay, ay, he'll send him packing to his Grave again with a Flea in his Ear, I warrant him.

But. No, no, I wou'd advise Madam to spare no Cost. If the Conjurer be but well paid, he'll take Pains upon the

Ghost.

16 *The DRUMMER: Or,*

Ghost, and lay him, look ye, in the Red-Sea——and then he's laid for ever.

Coach. Ay marry, that wou'd spoil his Drum for him.

Gard. Why *John*, there must be a power of Spirits in that same Red-Sea——I warrant ye they are as plenty as Fish.

Coach. Well, I wish after all that he may not be too hard for the Conjuror; I'm afraid he'll find a tough bit of Work on't.

Gard. I wish the Spirit may not carry a Corner of the House off with him.

But. As for that, *Peter*, you may be sure that the Steward has made his Bargain with the Canning-Man beforehand, that he shall stand to all Costs, and Damages——But hark! yonder's Mrs. *Abigail*, we shall have her with us immediately, if we do not get off.

Gard. Ay Lady! if we could get Mrs. *Abigail* well laid too——we should lead merry Lives.

*For to a Man like me that's Stout and Bold,
A Ghost is not so dreadful as a Scold.*



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE opens, and discovers Sir George in Vellum's Office.

Sir G. I Wonder I don't hear of *Vellum* yet. But I know his Wisdom will do nothing rashly. The Fellow has been so us'd to Form in Business, that it has infected his whole Conversation. But I must not find Fault with that punctual and exact Behaviour which has been of so much Use to me; my Estate is the better for it.

Enter Vellum.

Well *Vellum*, I'm impatient to hear your Success.

Vel. First, let me lock the Door.

Sir G.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 27

Sir G. Will your Lady admit me?

Vel. If this Lock is not mended soon, it will be quite spoiled.

Sir G. Pry'thee let the Lock alone at present, and answer me.

Vel. Delays in Business are dangerous—I must send for the Smith next Week—and in the mean time will take a Minute of it.

Sir G. But what says your Lady?

Vel. This Pen is naught, and wants mending—My Lady, did you say?

Sir G. Does she admit me?

Vel. I have gain'd Admission for you as a Conjuror.

Sir G. That's enough! I'll gain Admission for my self as a Husband. Does she believe there's any thing in my Art?

Vel. It is hard to know what a Woman believes.

Sir G. Did she ask no Questions about me?

Vel. Sundry.——She desires to talk with you her self, before you enter upon your Business.

Sir G. But when?

Vel. Immediately. This Instant.

Sir G. Pugh. What hast thou been doing all this while? Why didst not tell me so? Give me my Cloak—Have you yet met with *Abigail*?

Vel. I have not yet had an Opportunity of talking with her. But we have interchanged some languishing Glances.

Sir G. Let thee alone for that, *Vellum*. I have formerly seen thee ogle her through thy Spectacles. Well! This is a most Venerable Cloak. After the Business of this Day is over, I'll make thee a Present of it. 'Twill become thee mightily.

Vel. He, he, he! wou'd you make a Conjuror of your Steward?

Sir G. Pry'thee don't be Jocular, I'm in haste. Help me on with my Beard.

Vel. And what will your Ho-nour do with your cast Beard?

Sir G. Why, faith, thy Gravity wants only such a Beard to it: if thou would'st wear it with the Cloak, thou would'st

make a most compleat Heathen Philosopher. But where's my Wand?

Vel. A fine taper Stick! It is well chosen. I will keep this till you are Sheriff of the County. It is not my Custom to let any thing be lost.

Sir G. Come, *Vellum*, lead the way. You must introduce me to your Lady. Thou'rt the fittest Fellow in the World to be Master of the Ceremonies to a Conjuror.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Abigail crossing the Stage, Tinsel following.

Tim. Nabby, Nabby, whither so fast, Child?

Ab. Keep your Hands to your self. I'm going to call the Steward to my Lady.

Tim. What, Goodman *Two fold*? I met him walking with a strange old Fellow yonder. I suppose he belongs to the Family too. He looks very antique. He must be some of the Furniture of this old Mansion-House.

Ab. What does the Man mean? Don't think to palm me, as you do my Lady.

Tim. Pry'thee, Nabby, tell me one thing; What's the reason thou art my Enemy?

Ab. Marry, because I'm a Friend to my Lady.

Tim. Dost thou see any thing about me thou dost not like? Come hither, Hussy, give me a Kiss. Don't be ill-natur'd.

Ab. Sir, I know how to be civil. [*Kisses her.*]—This Rogue will carry off my Lady, if I don't take care. [*Aside.*]

Tim. Thy Lips are as soft as Velvet, *Abigail*. I must get thee a Husband.

Ab. Ay, now you don't speak idly, I can talk to you.

Tim. I have one in my Eye for thee. Dost thou love a young lusty Son of a Whore?

Ab. Laud, how you talk!

Tim. This is a thundering Dog.

Ab. What is he?

Tim. A private Gentleman.

Ab. Ay! where does he live?

Tim. In the Horse-Guards——But he has one Fault I must tell thee of. If thou canst bear with that, he's a Man for thy Purpose.

Ab.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 29

Ab. Pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, what may that be?

Tim. He's but five and twenty Years Old.

Ab. 'Tis no matter for his Age, if he has been well educated.

Tim. No Man better, Child; he'll tie a Wigg, tofs a Die, make a Pass, and swear with such a Grace, as wou'd make thy Heart leap to hear him.

Ab. Half these Accomplishments will do, provided he has an Estate— Pray what has he?

Tim. Not a Farthing.

Ab. Pax on him, what do I give him the hearing for! [*Aside.*]

Tim. But as for that I wou'd make it up to him.

Ab. How?

Tim. Why look ye, Child, as soon as I have married thy Lady, I design to discard this old Prig of a Steward, and to put this honest Gentleman, I am speaking of, into his Place.

Ab. [*Aside.*] This Fellow's a Fool— I'll have no more to say to him.— Hark! my Lady's a coming!

Tim. Depend upon it, *Nab*, I'll remember my Promise.

Ab. Ay, and so will I too— to your Cost. [*Aside.*]
[Exit *Abigail*.]

Tim. My Dear is purely fitted up with a Maid— But I shall rid the House of her.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Oh, Mr. *Tinsel*, I am glad to meet you here. I am going to give you an Entertainment, that won't be disagreeable to a Man of Wit and Pleasure of the Town— There may be something diverting in a Conversation between a Conjuror, and this conceited Ass. [*Aside.*]

Tim. She loves me to Distraction, I see that. [*Aside.*]— Pr'ythee, Widow, explain thy self.

Lady. You must know here is a strange sort of a Man come to Town, who undertakes to free the House from this Disturbance. The Steward believes him a Conjuror.

Tim. Ay; thy Steward is a deep one!

Lady. He's to be here immediately. It is indeed an odd Figure of a Man.

Tim. Oh! I warrant you he has study'd the Black Art! Ha, ha, ha! Is not it an *Oxford* Scholar?—Widow, thy House is the most extraordinarily inhabited of any Widow's this Day in Christendom.—I think thy four chief Domesticks are—a wither'd *Abigail*—a superannuated Steward—a Ghost—and a Conjuror.

Lady. [*Mimicking Tinsel.*] And you wou'd have it inhabited by a Fifth, who is a more extraordinary Person than any of all these Four.

Tim. It's a sure Sign a Woman loves you, when she imitates your Manner. [*Aside.*]—Thou'rt very smart, my Dear. But, see! smock the Doctor.

Enter Vellum, and Sir George in his Conjuror's Habit.

Vel. I will introduce this profound Person to your Ladyship, and then leave him with you—Sir, this is her Honour.

Sir G. I know it well.

[*Exit Vellum.*

[*Aside, walking in a musing Posture*] That dear Woman! The Sight of her unmans me. I cou'd weep for Tenderness, did not I, at the same time, feel an Indignation rise in me, to see that Wretch with her: And yet I cannot but smile to see her in the Company of her first and second Husband at the same time.

Lady. Mr. *Tinsel* do You speak to him; you are us'd to the Company of Men of Learning.

Tim. Old Gentleman, thou dost not look like an Inhabitant of this World; I suppose thou art lately come down from the Stars. Pray what News is stirring in the *Zodiack*?

Sir G. News that ought to make the Heart of a Coward tremble. *Mars* is now entring into the first House, and will shortly appear in all his Domal Dignities—

Tim. *Mars*? Pr'ythee Father Grey-beard explain thy self,

Sir G. The Entrance of *Mars* into his House, portends the Entrance of a Master into this Family—and that soon.

Tim. D'ye hear that, Widow? The Stars have cut me out for thy Husband. This House is to have a Master, and that soon—Hark thee, old *Gadbury*, Is not *Mars* very like a young Fellow call'd *Tam Tinsel*?

Sir G. Not so much as *Venus* is like this Lady.

Tim.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 31

Tin. A Word in your Ear, Doctor; these two Planets will be in Conjunction by and by; I can tell you that.

Sir G. [*Aside, walking disturb'd*] Curse on this impertinent Fop! I shall scarce forbear discovering my self——
Madam, I am told that your House is visited with strange Noises.

Lady. And I am told that you can quiet them. I must confess I had a Curiosity to see the Person I had heard so much of; and, indeed, your Aspect shows that you have had much Experience in the World. You must be a very aged Man.

Sir G. My Aspect deceives you; What do you think is my real Age?

Tin. I shou'd guess thee within three Years of *Methuselah*. Pr'ythee tell me, Was't not thou born before the Flood?

Lady. Truly I shou'd guess you to be in your second or third Century. I warrant you, you have Great Grand-Children with Beards a Foot long.

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! If there be Truth in Man, I was but five and thirty last *August*. O! the Study of the Occult Sciences makes a Man's Beard grow faster than you wou'd imagine.

Lady. What an Escape you have had, *Mr. Tinsel*, that you were not bred a Scholar!

Tin. And so I fancy, Doctor thou think'st me an illiterate Fellow, because I have a smooth Chin?

Sir G. Hark ye, Sir, a Word in your Ear. You are a Coxcomb, by all the Rules of Physiognomy: But let that be a Secret between you and me. [*Aside to Tinsel.*]

Lady. Pray, *Mr. Tinsel*, what is it the Doctor whispers?

Tin. Only a Compliment, Child, upon two or three of my Features. It does not become me to repeat it.

Lady. Pray, Doctor, examine this Gentleman's Face, and tell me his Fortune.

Sir G. If I may believe the Lines of his Face, he likes it better than I do, or——than you do, fair Lady.

Tin. Widow, I hope now thou'rt convinc'd he's a Cheat,

Lady. For my part I believe he's a Witch—go on Doctor.

Sir G. He will be cross'd in Love; and that soon.

Tin. Pr'ythee, Doctor, tell us the Truth. Dost not thou live in *Moor-Fields*?

Sir G. Take my Word for it, thou shalt never live in my Lady *Truman's* Mansion-House.

Tin. Pray, old Gentleman, hast thou never been pluck'd by the Beard when thou wert saucy?

Lady. Nay Mr. *Tinsel*, you are angry! do you think I wou'd marry a Man that dares not have his Fortune told?

Sir G. Let him be angry—I matter not—He is but short-liv'd. He will soon die of——

Tin. Come, come, speak out, old *Hocus*, he, he, he! this Fellow makes me burst with Laughing.

[*Forces a Laugh.*]

Sir G. He will soon die of a Fright——or of the —— let me see your Nose——Ay——'tis so!

Tin. You Son of a Whore! I'll run ye through the Body. I never yet made the Sun shine through a Conjuror——

Lady. Oh, fy; Mr. *Tinsel*! you will not kill an old Man?

Tin. An old Man! The Dog says he's but Five and thirty.

Lady. Oh, fy; Mr. *Tinsel*, I did not think you could have been so passionate; I hate a passionate Man. Put up your Sword, or I must never see you again.

Tin. Ha, ha, ha! I was but in jest, my Dear. I had a Mind to have made an Experiment upon the Doctor's Body. I wou'd but have drill'd a little Eyelet-hole in it, and have seen whether he had Art enough to close it up again.

Sir G. Courage is but ill-shown before a Lady. But know, if ever I meet thee again, thou shalt find this Arm can wield other Weapons besides this Wand.

Tin. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Well, learned Sir, you are to give a Proof of your Art, not of your Courage. Or if you will show your Courage, let it be at Nine a Clock——for that is the time the Noise is generally heard.

Tin. And look ye, old Gentleman, if thou dost not do thy Business well, I can tell thee by the little Skill I have, that thou wilt be toss'd in a Blanket before Ten. We'll do our Endeavour to send thee back to the Stars again.

Sir G. I'll go and prepare my self for the Ceremonies—And, Lady, as you expect they shou'd succeed to your
Wishes,

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 33

Wishes, treat that Fellow with the Contempt he deserves.

[Exit Sir George.]

Tim. The sauciest Dog I ever talk'd with in my whole Life!

Lady. Methinks he's a diverting Fellow; one may see he's no Fool.

Tim. No Fool! Ay but thou dost not take him for a Conjuror.

Lady. Truly I dont know what to take him for; I am resolv'd to employ him however. When a Sicknefs is desperate, we often try Remedies that we have no great Faith in.

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Madam, the Tea is ready in the Parlour as you ordered.

Lady. Come, Mr. *Tinsel*, we may there talk of this Subject more at leisure.

[Exit Lady and Tinsel.]

Abigail sola.

Sure never any Lady had such Servants as mine has! Well, if I get this Thousand Pound, I hope to have some of my own. Let me see, I'll have a pretty tight Girl—just such as I was ten Years ago (I'm afraid I may say twenty) she shall dress me and flatter me—for I will be flatter'd, that's pos! My Lady's cast Suits will serve her, after I have given them the wearing. Besides, when I am worth a Thousand Pound, I shall certainly carry off the Steward—Madam *Vellum*!—how prettily that will sound! here, bring out Madam *Vellum*'s Chaise—Nay I do not know but it may be a Chariot—It will break the Attorney's Wife's Heart—for I shall take place of every Body in the Parish but my Lady. If I have a Son, he shall be call'd *Fansome*. But see Mr. *Vellum*, as I could wish. I know his Humour, and will do my utmost to gain his Heart.

Enter Vellum with a Pint of Sack.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail*, don't I break in upon you unseasonably?

Ab. Oh, no, Mr. *Vellum*, your Visits are always seasonable.

Vel. I have brought with me a Taste of fresh Canary, which I think is delicious.

Ab. Pray set it down—— I have a Dram-Glass just
by—— [Brings in a Rummer.

I'll pledge you; my Lady's good Health.

Vel. And your own with it—— Sweet Mrs. *Abigal*.

Ab. Pray, good Mr. *Vellum*, buy me a little Parcel of this Sack, and put it under the Article of Tea—— I would not have my Name appear to it.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal*, your Name seldom appears in my Bills—— and yet—— if you will allow me a merry Expression—— You have been always in my Books, Mrs.

Abigal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. *Vellum*, you are such a dry jesting Man!

Vel. Why, truly, Mrs. *Abigal*, I have been looking over my Papers—— and I find you have been a long time my Debtor.

Ab. Your Debtor! For what, Mr. *Vellum*?

Vel. For my Heart, Mrs. *Abigal*—— And our Accounts will not be balanc'd between us till I have yours in Exchange for it. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! You are the most gallant Dun, Mr. *Vellum*.

Vel. But I am not us'd to be paid by Words only, Mrs. *Abigal*; when will you be out of my Debt?

Ab. Oh, Mr. *Vellum*, you make one blush—— My humble Service to you.

Vel. I must answer you, Mrs. *Abigal*, in the Country Phrase—— Your Love is sufficient. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I must own I love a merry Man!

Vel. Let me see, how long is it, Mrs. *Abigal*, since I first broke my Mind to you—— It was, I think, *Undecimo Gulielmi*—— We have convers'd together these fifteen Years—— and yet, Mrs. *Abigal*, I must drink to our better Acquaintance. He, he, he—— Mrs. *Abigal*, you know I am naturally jocose.

Ab. Ah, you Men love to make Sport with us silly Creatures.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal*, I have a Trifle about me, which I would willingly make you a Present of. It is indeed but a little Toy.

Ab!

Ab. You are always exceedingly obliging.

Vel. It is but a little Toy—scarce worth your Acceptance.

Ab. Pray do not keep me in Suspence; what is it, Mr. *Vellum*?

Vel. A Silver Thimble.

Ab. I always said Mr. *Vellum* was a generous Lover.

Vel. But I must put it on my self, Mrs. *Abigail*—
You have the prettiest Tip of a Finger—I must take the Freedom to salute it.

Ab. Oh fye! you make me ashamed, Mr. *Vellum*; how can you do so? I protest I am in such a Confusion—

[A fight & Struggle.]

Vel. This Finger is not the Finger of Idleness; it bears the honourable Scars of the Needle—But why are you so cruel as not to pare your Nails?

Ab. Oh, I vow you press it so hard! pray give me my Finger again.

Vel. This Middle Finger, Mrs. *Abigail*, has a pretty Neighbour—A Wedding Ring would become it mightily—He, he, he.

Ab. You're so full of your Jokes. Ay, but where must I find one for it?

Vel. design this Thimble only as the Forerunner of it, they will set off each other, and are—indeed a twofold Emblem. The first will put you in mind of being a good Huswife, and the other of being a good Wife. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Yes, yes, I see you laugh at me.

Vel. Indeed I am serious.

Ab. I thought you had quite forsaken me—I am sure you cannot forget the many repeated Vows and Promises you formerly made me.

Vel. I shou'd as soon forget the Multiplication Table.

Ab. I have always taken your Part before my Lady.

Vel. You have so, and I have *Item* it in my Memory.

Ab. For I have always look'd upon your Interest as my own.

Vel. It is nothing but your Cruelty can hinder them from being so.

Ab.

Ab. I must strike while the Iron's hot. [*Aside.*]—
Well, Mr. *Vellum*, there is no refusing you, you have such
a bewitching Tongue!

Vel. How? Speak that again!

Ab. Why then in plain *English* I love you.

Vel. I'm overjoy'd!

Ab. I must own my Passion for you.

Vel. I'm Transported! [*Catches her in his Arms.*]

Ab. Dear Charming Man!

Vel. Thou Summ Total of all my Happiness! I shall
grow Extravagant! I can't forbear!—to drink thy vir-
tuous Inclinations in a Bumper of Sack. Your Lady must
make haste, my Duck, or we shall provide a young Stew-
ard to the Estate, before she has an Heir to it—pr'ythee
my Dear, do's she intend to Marry Mr. *Tinsel*?

Ab. Marry him! my Love, No, no! we must take care
of that! there wou'd be no staying in the House for us if
she did. That young Rake-hell wou'd send all the old
Servants a Grazing. You and I shou'd be discarded before
the Honey Moon was at an End,

Vel. Prythee, sweet one, does not this Drum put the
Thoughts of Marriage out of her Head?

Ab. This Drum, my Dear, if it be well manag'd, will
be no less than a Thousand Pound in our way.

Vel. Ay, say'st thou so, my Turtle?

Ab. Since we are now as good as Man and Wife—
I mean, almost as good as Man and Wife—I ought to
conceal nothing from you.

Vel. Certainly my Dove, not from thy Yoke-Fellow,
thy Help-Mate, thy own Flesh and Blood!

Ab. Hush! I hear Mr. *Tinsel*'s Laugh; my Lady and he
are a-coming this way; if you will take a turn without,
I'll tell you the whole Contrivance.

Vel. Give me your Hand, Chicken.

Ab. Here take it, you have my Heart already.

Vel. We shall have much Issue. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Vellum and Butler.

Vel. JOHN, I have certain Orders to give you—and therefore be attentive.

But. Attentive! Ay, let me alone for that.— I suppose he means being sober. [*Aside.*]

Vel. You know I have always recommended to you a Method in your Business, I wou'd have your Knives and Forks, your Spoons and Napkins, your Plate and Glasses laid in a Method.

But. Ah, Master *Vellum*, you are such a sweet-spoken Man, it does one's Heart good to receive your Orders.

Vel. Method, *John*, makes Business easie, it banishes all Perplexity and Confusion out of Families.

But. How he talks! I cou'd hear him all Day.

Vel. And now *John*, let me know whether your Table-linnen, your Side-Board, your Cellar, and every thing else within your Province, are properly and methodically dispos'd for an Entertainment this Evening.

But. Master *Vellum*, they shall be ready at a quarter of an hour's Warning. But pray Sir, is this Entertainment to be made for the Conjuror?

Vel. It is, *John*, for the Conjuror, and yet it is not for the Conjuror.

But. Why, look you Master *Vellum*, if it is for the Conjuror, the Cook-Maid shou'd have Orders to get him some Dishes to his Palate. Perhaps he may like a little Brimstone in his Sauce.

Vel. This Conjuror, *John*, is a complicated Creature, an Amphibious Animal, a Person of a Two-fold Nature— But he eats and drinks like other Men.

But. Marry, Master *Vellum*, he shou'd eat and drink as much as two other Men, by the Account you give of him.

Vel. Thy Conceit is not amiss, he is indeed a double Man, ha, ha, ha!

But.

38 *The DRUMMER: Or,*

But. Ha! I understand you, He's one of your Herma-
phrodites, as they call 'em.

Vel. He is Married, and he is not Married——He hath
a Beard, and he hath no Beard. He is Old, and he is
Young.

But. How charmingly he talks! I fancy, Master *Vellum*,
you cou'd make a Riddle. The same Man Old and Young!
How do you make that out, Master *Vellum*?

Vel. Thou hast heard of a Snake casting his Skin, and
recovering his Youth. Such is this Sage Person.

But. Nay 'tis no wonder a Conjuror shou'd be like a
Serpent.

Vel. When he has thrown aside the old Conjuror's Slough
that hangs about him, he'll come out as fine a young Gen-
tleman as ever was seen in this House.

But. Does he intend to sup in his Slough?

Vel. That Time will show.

But. Well, I have not a Head for these things. Indeed
Mr. *Vellum*, I have not understood one Word you have
said this half Hour.

Vel. I did not intend thou shou'dst —— But to our Bu-
siness—— Let there be a Table spread in the Great-Hall.
Let your Pots and Glasses be wash'd, and in a Readiness.
Bid the Cook provide a plentiful Supper, and see that all
the Servants be in their best Liveries.

But. Ay! now I understand every Word you say. But
I wou'd rather hear you talk a little in that other Way.

Vel. I shall explain to thee what I have said by and by—
Did *Susan* lay two Pillows upon your Lady's Bed.

But. Two Pillows! Madam won't sleep upon 'em both!
She is not a double Woman too?

Vel. She will sleep upon neither. But hark, Mrs. *Abi-
gal*, I think I hear her chiding the Cook-maid.

But. Then I'll away, or it will be my Turn next; She,
I am sure, speaks plain *English*, one may easily understand
every Word She says. [Exit Butler.]

Vellum Salus.

Vel. Servants are good for nothing, unless they have an
Opinion of the Person's Understanding who has the Di-
rection of them.—— But see Mrs. *Abigail*! she has a bewit-
ching

THE HAUNTED HOUSE. 99

ching Countenance, I wish I may not be tempted to marry her in good Earnest.

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Ha! Mr. Vellum.

Vel. What brings my Sweet one hither?

Ab. I am coming to speak to my Friend behind the Wainscot. It is fit, Child, he shou'd have an Account of this Conjuror, that he may not be surpriz'd.

Vel. That wou'd be as much as thy thousand Pound is worth.

Ab. I'll speak low— Walls have Ears.

[Pointing at the Wainscot.]

Vel. But heark you Ducklin! be sure you do not tell him that I am let into the Secret.

Ab. That's a good one indeed! as if I shou'd ever tell what passes between you and me.

Vel. No, no, my Child, that must not be; he, he, he! that must not be; he, he, he!

Ab. You will always be wagging.

Vel. Adieu, and let me hear the Result of your Conference.

Ab. How can you leave one so soon? I shall think it an Age 'till I see you again.

Vel. Adieu my pretty one.

Ab. Adieu sweet Mr. Vellum.

Vel. My pretty one.—

[As he is going off.]

Ab. Dear Mr. Vellum!

Vel. My pretty one!

[Exit Vellum.]

Abigail Solo.

Ab. I have him—if I can but get this Thousand Pound. *[Fantome gives three Raps upon his Drum behind the Wainscot.]*

Ab. Ha. Three Raps upon the Drum! the Signal Mr. Fantome and I agreed upon, when he had a mind to speak with me.

[Fantome raps again.]

Ab. Very well, I hear you; come Fox, come out of your Hole.

SCENE opens, and Fantome comes out.

Ab. You may leave your Drum in the Ward-robe, till you have Occasion for it,

Fan,

Fan. Well, Mrs. *Abigail*, I want to hear what is a doing in the World.

Ab. You are a very inquisitive Spirit. But I must tell you, if you do not take care of your self, you will be Laid this Evening.

Fan. I have over-heard something of that Matter. But let me alone for the Doctor — I'll engage to give a good Account of Him. I am more in Pain about *Tinsel*. When a Lady's in the Case, I'm more afraid of one Fop than twenty Conjurers.

Ab. To tell you truly, he presses his Attacks with so much Impudence, that he has made more Progress with my Lady in two Days, than you did in two Months.

Fan. I shall attack her in another manner, if thou canst but procure me another Interview. There's nothing makes a Lover so keen, as being kept up in the Dark.

Ab. Pray no more of your distant Bows, your respectful Compliments — Really, Mr. *Fantome*, you're only fit to make Love a-cross a Tea-Table.

Fan. My dear Girl, I can't forbear hugging thee for thy good Advice.

Ab. Ay, now I have some Hopes of you; but why don't you do so to my Lady?

Fan. Child, I always thought your Lady lov'd to be treated with Respect.

Ab. Believe me, Mr. *Fantome*, there is not so great a Difference between Woman and Woman, as you imagine. You see *Tinsel* has nothing but his Sauciness to recommend him.

Fan. *Tinsel* is too great a Coxcomb to be capable of Love — And let me tell thee, *Abigail*, a Man, who is sincere in his Passion, makes but a very awkward Profession of it — But I'll mend my Manners.

Ab. Ay, or you'll never gain a Widow — Come, I must tutor you a little; suppose me to be my Lady, and let me see how you'll behave your self.

Fan. I'm afraid, Child, we han't time for such a piece of Mummery.

Ab. Oh, it will be quickly over, if you play your Part well.

Fan.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 41

Fan. Why then, dear Mrs. *Ab*—— I mean, my Lady
Truman

Ab. Ay! but you han't saluted me.

Fan. That's right; Faith I forgot that Circumstance.

[*Kisses her.*] *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*!

Ab. That's very well——

Fan. How long must I be condemn'd to languish! when shall my Sufferings have an end! My Life, my Happiness, my All is wound up in you——

Ab. Well! why don't you squeeze my Hand?

Fan. What, thus?

Ab. Thus? Ay—— Now throw your Arm about my Middle; Hug me closer.— You are not afraid of hurting me! Now pour forth a Volley of Rapture and Nonsense, till you are out of Breath.

Fan. Transport and Ecstasy! where am I!—— my Life, my Bliss!—— I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die.

Ab. Go on, go on.

Fan. Flames and Darts—— Bear me to the gloomy Shade, Rocks and Grottoes—— Flowers, Zephyrs, and purling Streams.

Ab. Oh! Mr. *Fantome*, you have a Tongue wou'd undo a Vestal! You were born for the Ruin of our Sex.

Fan. This will do then, *Abigail*!

Ab. Ay, this is talking like a Lover. Tho' I only represent my Lady, I take a Pleasure in hearing you. Well, o' my Conscience when a Man of Sense has a little Dash of the Coxcomb in him, no Woman can resist him. Go on at this rate, and the thousand Pound is as good as in my Pocket.

Fan. I shall think it an Age till I have an Opportunity of putting this Lesson in Practice.

Ab. You may do it soon, if you make good Use of your Time; Mr. *Tinsel* will be here with my Lady at Eight, and at Nine the Conjuror is to take you in Hand.

Fan. Let me alone with both of them.

Ab. Well! fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd. Get into your Box, and I'll endeavour to dispose every thing in your Favour.

[*Fantome goes in. Exit Abigail.*

Enter

Enter Vellum.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail* is withdrawn.—I was in hopes to have heard what pass'd between her and her invisible Correspondent.

Enter Tinsel.

Tin. *Vellum! Vellum!*

Vel. [*Aside.*] *Vellum!* We are methinks very familiar; I am not us'd to be call'd so by any but their Ho-nours—What wou'd you, Mr. *Tinsel*?

Tin. Let me beg a Favour of thee, old Gentleman.

Vel. What is that, good Sir?

Tin. Pr'ythee run and fetch me the Rent-Roll of thy Lady's Estate.

Vel. The Rent-Roll?

Tin. The Rent-roll? Ay, the Rent-roll! Dost not understand what that means?

Vel. Why, have you Thoughts of purchasing of it?

Tin. Thou hast hit it, old Boy; that is my very Intention.

Vel. The Purchase will be considerable.

Tin. And for that reason I have bid thy Lady very high—She is to have no less for it than this entire Person of mine!

Vel. Is your whole Estate Personal, Mr. *Tinsel*—he, he, he!

Tin. Why, you queer old Dog, you don't pretend to jest, d'ye? Look ye, *Vellum*, if you think of being continued my Steward, you must learn to walk with your Toes out.

Vel. [*Aside.*] An insolent Companion!

Tin. Thou'rt confounded rich, I see, by that Dangling of thy Arms.

Vel. [*Aside.*] An ungracious Bird!

Tin. Thou shalt lend me a couple of Thousand Pounds.

Vel. [*Aside.*] A very Profligate!

Tin. Look ye, *Vellum*, I intend to be kind to you—I'll borrow some Money of you.

Vel. I cannot but smile to consider the Disappointment this young Fellow will meet with; I will make my self merry with him. [*Aside.*] And so, Mr. *Tinsel*, you promise you will be a very kind Master to me.

[*Stifling a Laugh.*
Tin.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 43

Tim. What will you give for a Life in the House you live in?

Vel. What do you think of Five Hundred Pounds?—Ha, ha, ha!

Tim. That's too little.

Vel. And yet is more than I shall give you.—And I will offer you two Reasons for it.

Tim. Pr'ythee what are they?

Vel. First, because the Tenement is not in your Disposal; and Secondly, because it never will be in your Disposal; and so fare you well, good Mr. *Tinsel*. Ha, ha, ha! You will pardon me for being jocular. [Exit Vellum.]

Tim. This Rogue is as saucy as the Conjuror; I'll be hang'd if they are not a-kin.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Mr. *Tinsel*! what, all alone? You Free-thinkers are great Admirers of Solitude.

Tim. No faith, I have been talking with thy Steward; a very grotesque Figure of a Fellow, the very Picture of one of our Benchers. How can you bear his Conversation?

Lady. I keep him for my Steward, and not my Companion. He's a sober Man.

Tim. Yes, yes, he looks like a Put—a queer old Dog, as ever I saw in my Life: We must turn him off, Widow. He cheats thee confoundedly, I see that.

Lady. Indeed you're mistaken, he has always had the Reputation of being a very honest Man.

Tim. What? I suppose he goes to Church.

Lady. Goes to Church! so do you too, I hope.

Tim. I wou'd for once, Widow, to make sure of you.

Lady. Ah, Mr. *Tinsel*, a Husband who would not continue to go thither, wou'd quickly forget the Promises he made there.

Tim. Faith very innocent and very ridiculous! Well then, I warrant thee, Widow, thou wou'dst not for the world marry a Sabbath-breaker!

Lady. Truly they generally come to a bad End. I remember the Conjuror told you, you were short-liv'd.

Tim. The Conjuror! Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Indeed you're very witty!

Tim.

Tim. Indeed you're very handsome. [*Kisses her Hand.*]

Lady. I wish the Fool does not love me! [*Aside.*]

Tim. Thou art the Idol I adore. Here must I pay my Devotion—Pr'ythee, Widow, hast thou any Timber upon thy Estate?

Lady. The most impudent Fellow I ever met with. [*Aside.*]

Tim. I take Notice thou hast a great deal of old Plate here in the House, Widow.

Lady. Mr. *Tinsel*, you are a very observing Man.

Tim. Thy large Silver Cistern would make a very good Coach, and half a Dozen Salvers that I saw on the Side-board, might be turn'd into six as pretty Horses as any that appear in the Ring.

Lady. You have a very good Fancy, Mr. *Tinsel*—What pretty Transformations you could make in my House—But I'll see where 'twill end. [*Aside.*]

Tim. Then I observe, Child, you have two or three Services of gilt Plate; we'd eat always in China, my Dear.

Lady. I perceive you are an excellent Manager—How quickly you have taken an Inventory of my Goods!

Tim. Now hark ye, Widow, to show you the Love that I have for you—

Lady. Very well, let me hear.

Tim. You have an old-fashion'd Gold Caudle-Cup, with the Figure of a Saint upon the Lid on't.

Lady. I have, what then?

Tim. Why look ye, I'd sell the Caudle-Cup with the old Saint for as much Money as they'd fetch, which I wou'd convert into a Diamond Buckle, and make you a Present of it.

Lady. Oh you are generous to an Extravagance. But pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, don't dispose of my Goods before you are sure of my Person. I find you have taken a great Affection to my Moveables.

Tim. My Dear, I love every thing that belongs to you.

Lady. I see you do, Sir, you need not make any Protestations upon that Subject.

Tim. Pho, pho, my Dear, we are growing Serious; and let me tell you, that's the very next Step to being Dull. Come, that pretty Face was never made to look grave with.

Lady.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 45.

Lady. Believe, me, Sir, whatever you think, Marriage is a serious Subject.

Tim. For that very Reason, my Dear, let us get over it as fast as we can.

Lady. I should be very much in haste for a Husband, if I married within fourteen Months after Sir *George's* Decease.

Tim. Pray, my Dear, let me ask you a Question; Do'st not thou think that Sir *George* is as dead at present, to all Intents and Purposes, as he will be a Twelve-month hence?

Lady. Yes, but Decency! Mr. *Timfel*——

Tim. Or do'st thou think thou'lt be more a Widow then, than thou art now?

Lady. The World would say I never lov'd my First Husband.

Tim. Ah, my Dear, they wou'd say you lov'd your Second; and they wou'd own I deserv'd it, for I shall love thee most inordinately.

Lady. But what wou'd People think?

Tim. Think! why they wou'd think thee the Mirror of Widowhood.— That a Woman shou'd live fourteen whole Months after the Decease of her Spouse, without having engaged her self. Why, about Town, we know many a Woman of Quality's Second Husband several Years before the Death of the First.

Lady. Ay, I know you Wits have your common-place Jests upon us poor Widows.

Tim. I'll tell you a Story, Widow; I know a certain Lady, who considering the Craziness of her Husband, had, in case of Mortality, engaged her self to two young Fellows of my Acquaintance. They grew such desperate Rivals for her, while her Husband was alive, that one of them pink'd the t'other in a Duel. But the good Lady was no sooner a Widow, but what did my Dowager do? Why faith, being a Woman of Honour, she married a Third, to whom, it seems, she had given her first Promise.

Lady. And this is a true Story upon your own Knowledge?

Tim. Every Tittle, as I hope to be marry'd, or never believe *Tim Timfel*.

Lady.

46 *The* DRUMMER: Or,

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, do you call this talking like a Wit, or like a Rake?

Tim. Innocent enough, he, he, he! Why! where's the Difference, my Dear?

Lady. Yes, Mr. *Tinsel*, the only Man I ever lov'd in my Life, had a great deal of the one, and nothing of the other in him.

Tim. Nay now you grow vapourish; thou'lt begin to fancy thou hear'st the Drum by and by.

Lady. If you had been here last Night about this time, you wou'd not have been so merry.

Tim. About this time, say'st thou? Come faith, for the Humour's sake, we'll sit down and listen.

Lady. I will, if you'll promise to be serious.

Tim. Serious! never fear me, Child. Ha, ha, ha! Do'st not hear him?

Lady. You break your Word already. Pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, do you laugh to show your Wit or your Teeth?

Tim. Why, both! my Dear.——I'm glad, however, that she has taken Notice of my Teeth. [*Aside.*] But you look serious, Child; I fancy thou hear'st the Drum, do'st not?

Lady. Don't talk so rashly?

Tim. Why, my Dear, you cou'd not look more frighted if you had *Lucifer's* Drum-Major in your House.

Lady. Mr. *Tinsel*, I must desire to see you no more in it, if you do not leave this idle way of Talking.

Tim. Child, I thought I had told you what is my Opinion of Spirits, as we were drinking a dish of Tea but just now.——There is no such thing, I give thee my Word.

Lady. Oh, Mr. *Tinsel*, your Authority must be of great weight to those that know you.

Tim. For my part, Child, I have made my self easy in those Points.

Lady. Sure nothing was ever like this Fellow's Vanity, but his Ignorance. [*Aside.*]

Tim. I'll tell thee what now, Widow——I wou'd engage by the help of a white Sheet and a penny-worth of Link in a dark Night, to frighten you a whole County Village out of their Senses, and the Vicar into the bargain.

[*Drum*]

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 47

[*Drum beats.*] Hark! hark! what Noise is that! Heaven defend us! this is more than Fancy,

Lady. It beats more terrible than ever.

Tin. 'Tis very dreadful! what a Dog have I been to speak against my Conscience, only to show my Parts!

Lady. It comes nearer and nearer. I wish you have not anger'd it by your foolish Discourse.

Tin. Indeed, Madam, I did not speak from my Heart; I hope it will do me no hurt, for a little harmless Railery.

Lady. Harmless, d'ye call it? it? it beats hard by us, as if it wou'd break through the Wall.

Tin. What a Devil had I to do with a white Sheet?

[*Scene opens, and discovers Fantome.*]

Tin. Mercy on us! it appears.

Lady. Oh! 'tis he! 'tis he himself! 'tis Sir George! 'tis my Husband!

[*She faints.*]

Tin. Now wou'd I give Ten Thousand Pound that I were in Town. [*Fantome advances to him Drumming.*]

Tin. I beg Ten thousand Pardons. I'll never talk at this rate any more. [*Fantome still advances Drumming.*]

Tin. By my Soul, Sir George, I was not in earnest [*falls on his Knees.*] have Compassion on my Youth, and consider I am but a Coxcomb—[*Fantome points to the Door.*] But see he waves me off—ay with all my Heart—What a Devil had I to do with a white Sheet?

[*He steals off the Stage, mending his Pace as the Drum beats.*]

Fan. The Scoundrel is gone, and has left his Mistress behind him. I'm mistaken if he makes Love in this House any more. I have now only the Conjuror to deal with. I don't question but I shall make his Reverence scamper as fast as the Lover. And then the Day's my own. But the Servants are coming. I must get into my Cupboard. [*He goes in.*]

Enter Abigail and Servants.

Ab. Oh my poor Lady! This wicked Drum has frighten'd Mr. Tincl out of his Wife, and my Lady into a swoon. Let me bend her a little forward. She revives. Here, carry her into the fresh Air and she'll recover. [*They carry her off.*] This is a little barbarous to my Lady, but 'tis all for her Good: and I know her so well, that she wou'd not be angry with me, if she knew what I was to go by

48 *The DRUMMER: Or,*

by it. And if any of her Friends shou'd blame me for it hereafter,

*I'll clap my Hand upon my Purse, and tell 'em,
'Twas for a thousand Pound, and Mr. Vellum.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sir George, in his Conjurer's Habit, the Butler marching before him with two large Candles, and the two Servants coming after him, one bringing a little Table, and a another Chair.

But. **A**N't please your Worship, Mr. Conjurer, the Steward has given all of us Orders to do whatsoever you shall bid us, and to pay you the same Respect, as if you were our Master.

Sir G. Thou say'st well.

Gard. An't please your Conjurership's Worship, shall I set the Table down here?

Sir G. Here, *Peter.*

Gard. Peter! — He knows my Name by his Learning. *[Aside.]*

Coach. I have brought you, Reverend Sir, the largest Elbow Chair in the House; 'tis that the Steward sits in when he holds a Court.

Sir G. Place it there.

But. Sir, will you please to want any thing else?

Sir G. Paper, and a Pen and Ink.

But. Sir, I believe we have Paper that is fit for your Purpose! My Lady's mourning Paper, that is black'd at the Edges—Wou'd you chuse to write with a Crow Quill?

Sir G. There is none better.

But. Coachman, go fetch the Paper and Standish out of the little Parlour.

Coach. *[To Gard.]* Peter, pr'ythee do thou go along with me—I'm afraid—You know I went with you last Night

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 49

Night into the Garden, when the Cook-Maid wanted a handful of Parsley.

But. Why, you don't think I'll stay with the Conjuror by my self!

Gard. Come, we'll all three go and fetch the Pen and Ink together. [Exeunt Servants.]

Sir G. solus. There's nothing, I see, makes such strong Alliances as Fear. These Fellows are all enter'd into a Confederacy against the Ghost. There must be abundance of Business done in the Family at this rate. But here comes the Triple-Alliance. Who cou'd have thought these three Rogues could have found each of 'em an Employment in fetching a Pen and Ink!

Enter Gardener with a Sheet of Paper, Coachman with a Standish, and Butler with a Pen.

Gard. Sir, there is your Paper.

Coach. Sir, there is your Standish.

But. Sir, there is your Crow-quill Pen—I'm glad I have got rid on't. [Aside.]

Gard. [Aside.] He forgets that he's to make a Circle—Doctor, shall I help you to a Bit of Chalk?

Sir G. It is no matter.

But. Look ye, Sir, I shou'd you the Spot where he's heard ofteneft, if your Worship can but ferret him out of that old Wall in the next Room——

Sir G. We shall try.

Gard. That's right, *John*. His Worship must let fly all his Learning at that old Wall.

But. Sir, if I was worthy to advise you, I wou'd have a Bottle of good *October* by me. Shall I set a Cup of *Stingo* at your Elbow?

Sir G. I thank thee—we shall do without it.

Gard. *John*, he seems a very good-natur'd Man for a Conjuror.

But. I'll take this Opportunity of enquiring after a Bit of Plate I have lost. I fancy, whilst he is in my Lady's Pay, one may hedge in a Question or two into the Bargain. Sir, Sir, may I beg a word in your Ear?

Sir G. What wouldst thou?

D. *But,*

But. Sir, I know I need not tell you, that I lost one of my Silver Spoons last Week.

Sir G. Mark'd with a Swan's Neck——

But. My Lady's Crest! He knows every thing. [*Aside.*]
How would your Worship advise me to recover it again?

Sir G. Hum!

But. What must I do to come at it?

Sir G. Drink nothing but Small-Beer for a Fortnight—

But. Small Beer! Rot-gut!

Sir G. If thou drinkst a single Drop of Ale before sixteen Days are expir'd——it is as much——as thy Spoon——is worth.

But. I shall never recover it that way; I'll e'en buy a new one. [*Aside.*]

Coach. D'ye mind how they whisper?

Gard. I'll be hang'd if he be not asking him something about Nell——

Coach. I'll take this Opportunity of putting a Question to him about poor *Dobbing*: I fancy he cou'd give me better Counsel than the Parrier.

But. [*To Gard.*] A prodigious Man! he knows every thing: Now is the time to find out thy Pick-ax.

Gard. I have nothing to give him: Does not he expect to have his Hand cross'd with Silver?

Coach. [*to Sir G.*] Sir, may a Man venture to ask you a Question?

Sir G. Ask it.

Coach. I have a poor Horse in the Stable that's bewitch'd——

Sir G. A bay Gelding.

Coach. How cou'd he know that?

Sir G. Bought at *Bambury*. [*Aside.*]

Coach. Whew——so it was o' my Conscience. [*Whistles.*]

Sir G. Six Year old last *Lammas*.

Coach. To a Day. [*Aside.*] Now, Sir, I wou'd know whether the poor Beast is bewitch'd by *Goody Crouch* or *Goody Flye*?

Sir G. Neither.

Coach. Then it must be *Goody Garvon*! for she is the next oldest Woman in the Parish.

Gard.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 51

Gard. Ha'st thou done, *Robin*?

Coach. [*to Gard.*] He can tell thee any thing.

Gard. [*to Sir G.*] Sir, I wou'd beg to take you a little further out of hearing——

Sir G. Speak.

Gard. The Butler and I, Mr. Doctor, were both of us in Love at the same time with a certain Person.

Sir G. A Woman.

Gard. How cou'd he know that! [*Aside.*]

Sir G. Go on.

Gard. This Woman has lately had two Children at a Birth.

Sir G. Twins.

Gard. Prodigious! where could he hear that? [*Aside.*]

Sir G. Proceed.

Gard. Now, because I us'd to meet her sometimes in the Garden, she has hid them both——

Sir G. To Thee.

Gard. What a Power of Learning he must have! he knows every thing. [*Aside.*]

Sir G. Ha'st thou done?

Gard. I wou'd desire to know whether I am really Father to them both?

Sir G. Stand before me, let me survey thee round.

[*Lays his Wand upon his Head, and makes him turn about.*]

Coach. Look yonder, *Fohn*, the silly Dog is turning about under the Conjuror's Wand. If he has been saucy to him, we shall see him puff'd off in a Whirlwind immediately.

Sir G. Twins, do'st thou say? [*Still turning him.*]

Gard. Ay, are they both mine d'ye think?

Sir G. Own but one of them.

Gard. Ah, but Mrs. *Abigail* will have me take care of them both——she's always for the Butler——if my poor Master *Sir George* had been alive, he wou'd have made him go Halves with me.

Sir G. What, was *Sir George* a kind Master?

Gard. Was he! Ay, my Fellow-Servants will bear me Witness.

Sir G. Did ye love *Sir George*?

But. Every Body lov'd him——

Coach. There was not a dry Eye in the Parish at the News of his Death——

Gard. He was the best Neighbour——

But. The kindest Husband——

Coach. The truest Friend to the Poor——

But. My good Lady took on mightily, we all thought it would have been the Death of her——

Sir G. I protest these Fellows melt me! I think the time long till I am their Master again, that I may be kind to them. [Aside.]

Enter Vellum.

Vel. Have you provided the Doctor ev'ry thing he has Occasion for? if so,—— you may depart.

[Exeunt Servants.]

Sir G. I can as yet see no hurt in my Wife's Behaviour; but still have some certain Pangs and Doubts, that are natural to the Heart of a fond Man. I must take the Advantage of my Disguise to be thoroughly satisfied. It wou'd neither be for her Happiness, nor mine, to make my self known to her till I am so. [Aside.] Dear Vellum! I am impatient to hear some News of my Wife, how does she after her Fright?

Vel. It is a Saying somewhere in my Lord Coke, that a Widow——

Sir G. I ask of my Wife, and thou talk'st to me of my Lord Coke—— pr'ythee tell me how she does, for I am in pain for her.

Vel. She is pretty well recover'd. Mrs. *Abigail* has put her in good Heart; and I have given her great Hopes from your Skill.

Sir G. That I think cannot fail, since thou hast got this Secret out of *Abigail*! But I could not have thought my Friend *Fantome* would have served me thus——

Vel. You will still fancy you are a living Man——

Sir G. That he shou'd endeavour to Ensnare my Wife——

Vel. You have no Right in her, after your Demise. Death extinguishes all Property,—— *Quoad hanc*—— It is a Maxim in the Law.

Sir G. A Pox on your Learning! Well, but what is become of *Imfel*? *Vel.*

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 53

Vel. He rush'd out of the House, call'd for his Horse, clap'd Spurs to his sides, and was out of sight in less time, than I—can—tell—ten.

Sir G. This is Whimsical enough! my Wife will have a quick Succession of Lovers, in one Day———*Fantome* has driven out *Tinsel*, and I shall drive out *Fantome*.

Vel. Ev'n as one Wedge driveth out another—— he, he, he! you must pardon me for being Jocular.

Sir G. Was there ever such a provoking Blockhead! but he means me well.—— Well! I must have Satisfaction of this Traitor *Fantome*; and cannot take a more proper one, than by turning him out of my House, in a manner that shall throw Shame upon him, and make him ridiculous as long as he lives.—— You must remember, *Vellum*, you have abundance of Business upon your Hands, and I have but just time to tell it you over, all I require of you is Dispatch, therefore hear me.

Vel. There is nothing more requisite in Business than Dispatch———

Sir G. Then hear me.

Vel. It is indeed the Life of Business———

Sir G. Hear me then, I say.

Vel. And as one has rightly observed, the Benefit that attends it is four-fold. First———

Sir G. There is no bearing this! Thou art a going to describe Dispatch, when thou shouldst be practising it.

Vel. But your Ho-nour will not give me the hearing——

Sir G. Thou wilt not give me the hearing. [*Angvily.*]

Vel. I am still.

Sir G. In the First Place, you are to lay my Wigg, Hat, and Sword ready for me in the Closet, and one of my Scarlet Coats. You know how *Abigail* has described the Ghost to you.

Vel. It shall be done.

Sir G. Then you must remember, whilst I am laying this Ghost, you are to prepare my Wife for the Reception of her real Husband; tell her the whole Story, and do it with all the Art you are Master of, that the Surprise may not be too great for her.

Vel. It shall be done—— But since her Ho-nour has seen this

this Apparition, she desires to see you once more, before you encounter it.

Sir G. I shall expect her impatiently. For now I can talk to her without being interrupted by that impertinent Rogue *Tinsel*. I hope you have not told *Abigail* any thing of the Secret.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail* is a Woman; there are many Reasons why she shou'd not be acquainted with it: I shall only mention Six—

Sir G. Hush, here she comes! Oh my Heart!

Enter Lady and Abigail.

Sir G. [*Aside, while Vellum talks in dumb Show to Lady.*] O that lov'd Woman! How I long to take her in my Arms! If I find I am still Dear to her Memory, it will be a return to Life indeed! But I must take care of indulging this Tendernefs, and put on a Behaviour more suitable to my present Character.

[*Walks at a Distance in a pensive Posture, waving his Wand.*]

Lady. [*to Vellum.*] This is surprizing indeed! So all the Servants tell me; They say he knows every thing that has happen'd in the Family.

Ab. [*Aside.*] A parcel of credulous Fools! They first tell him their Secrets, and then wonder how he comes to know them.

[*Exit Vellum, exchanging fond Looks with Abigail.*]

Lady. Learned Sir, may I have some Conversation with you, before you begin your Ceremonies?

Sir G. Speak! But hold—first let me feel your Pulse?

Lady. What can you learn from that?

Sir G. I have already learn'd a Secret from it, (that will astonish you,

Lady. Pray, what is it?

Sir G. You will have a Husband within this half Hour.

Ab. [*Aside.*] I'm glad to hear that—He must mean Mr. *Fantome*; I begin to think there's a good deal of Truth in his Art.

Lady. Alas! I fear you mean I shall see Sir George's Apparition a second time.

Sir G. Have Courage, you shall see the Apparition no more. The Husband I mention shall be as much alive as I am.

Ab.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 51

Ab. Mr. *Faustine* to be sure. [*Aside.*]

Lady. Impossible! I lov'd my first too well.

Sir G. You cou'd not love the first better than you will love the second.

Ab. [*Aside.*] I'll be hang'd if my dear Steward has not instructed him; he means Mr. *Faustine* to be sure, the thousand Pound is our own!

Lady. Alas! you did not know Sir *George*.

Sir G. As well as I do my self—I saw him with you in the red Damask Room, when he first made Love to you; your Mother left you together, under Pretence of receiving a Visit from Mrs. *Hawthorn*, on her Return from London.

Lady. This is astonishing!

Sir G. You were a great Admirer of a single Life for the first half Hour; your Refusals then grew still fainter and fainter. With what Ecstasy did Sir *George* kiss your Hand, when you told him you shou'd always follow the Advice of your *Mamma*!

Lady. Every Circumstance to a Tittle!

Sir G. Then, *Lady*! the Wedding Night! I saw you in your white Sattin Night-gown; you wou'd not come out of your Dressing-Room, till Sir *George* took you out by Force. He drew you gently by the Hand——You struggled——but he was too strong for you——You blush'd, He——

Lady. Oh! stop there! go no farther!——He knows every thing. [*Aside.*]

Ab. Truly, Mr. *Conjurer*, I believe you have been a Wagg in your Youth.

Sir G. Mrs. *Abigail*, you know what your good Word cost Sir *George*, a Purse of broad Pieces, Mrs. *Abigail*——

Ab. The Devil's in him. [*Aside.*] Pray, Sir, since you have told so far, you should tell my *Lady* that I refus'd to take them.

Sir G. 'Tis true, Child, he was forc'd to thrust them into your Bosom.

Ab. This Rogue will mention the Thousand Pound, if I don't take Care. [*Aside.*] Pray, Sir, though you are a *Conjurer*, methinks you need not be a Blab——

Lady.

Lady. Sir, since I have now no Reason to doubt of your Art, I must beseech you to treat this Apparition gently—It has the Resemblance of my deceas'd Husband; if there be any undiscover'd Secret, any Thing that troubles his Rest, learn it of him.

Sir G. I must to that End be sincerely inform'd by you, whether your Heart be engag'd to another; have not you receiv'd the Addresses of many Lovers since his Death?

Lady. I have been oblig'd to receive more Visits, than have been agreeable.

Sir G. Was not *Thou* welcome? ——— I'm afraid to hear an Answer to my own Question. [*Aside.*]

Lady. He was well recommended.

Sir G. Racks! [*Aside.*]

Lady. Of a good Family.

Sir G. Tortures! [*Aside.*]

Lady. Heir to a considerable Estate!

Sir G. Death! [*Aside.*] And you still love him? ——— I'm distracted! [*Aside.*]

Lady. No, I despise him. I found he had a Design upon my Fortune, was Base, Profligate, Cowardly, and every Thing that cou'd be expected from a Man of the vilest Principle.

Sir G. I'm recover'd.

Ab. Oh, Madam, had you seen how like a Scoundrel he look'd when he left your Ladyship in a Swoon. Where have you left my Lady? says I. In an Elbow-chair, Child, says he. And where are you going? says I. To Town, Child, says he: For to tell thee truly, Child, says he, I don't care for living under the same Roof with the Devil, says he.

Sir G. Well, Lady, I see nothing in all this, that may hinder Sir George's Spirit from being at Rest.

Lady. If he knows any Thing of what passes in my Heart, he cannot but be satisfy'd of that Fondness which I bear to his Memory. My Sorrow for him is always fresh when I think of him. He was the kindest, truest, tenderest ——— Tears will not let me go on ———

Sir G. This quite o'erpowers me ——— I shall discover my

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 57

my self before my Time. [*Aside.*]—Madam, you may now retire and leave me to my self.

Lady. Success attend you!

Ab. I wish Mr. *Fantome* gets well off from this old Don——I know he'll be with him immediately.

[*Exeunt Lady and Abigail.*
Sir George solus.]

Sir G. My Heart is now at Ease, she is the same dear Woman I left her——Now for my Revenge upon *Fantome*.——I shall cut the Ceremonies short—A few Words will do his Business—Now let me seat my self in Form—A good easy Chair for a Conjuror this!——Now for a few mathematical Scratches——a good lucky Scrawl, that——Faith I think it looks very Astrological——These two or three magical Pot-hooks about it, make it a compleat Conjuror's Scheme. [*Drum beats.*] Ha, ha, ha, Sir, are you there? Enter Drummer. Now must I pore upon my Paper.

[*Enter Fantome, beating his Drum.*]

Sir G. Pr'ythee don't make a Noise, I'm busy.

[*Fantome beats.*]

Sir G. A pretty March! pr'ythee beat that over again.

[*He beats and advances.*]

Sir G. [*Rising.*] Ha! you're very perfect in the Step of a Ghost. You stalk it majestically. [*Fantome advances.*]

Sir G. How the Rogue stares, he acts it to Admiration; I'll be hang'd if he has not been practising this half Hour in Mrs. *Abigail's* Wardrobe.

[*Fantome starts, gives a Rap upon his Drum.*]

Sir G. Pr'ythee don't play the Fool! [*Fantome beats.*]

Sir G. Nay, nay, enough of this good Mr. *Fantome*.

Fan. [*Aside.*] Death! I'm discover'd. This Jade *Abigail* has betray'd me.

Sir G. Mr. *Fantome*, upon the Word of an Astrologer, your Thousand Pound Bribe will never gain my Lady *Truman*.

Fan. 'Tis plain, She has told him all. [*Aside.*]

Sir G. Let me advise you to make off as fast as you can, or I plainly perceive by my Art, Mr. *Ghost* will have his Bones broke.

Fan.

Fan. [To Sir G.] Look ye, old Gentleman, I perceive you have learnt this Secret from Mrs. *Abigail*.

Sir G. I have learn'd it from my Art.

Fan. Thy Art! pr'ythee no more of that. Look ye, I know you are a Cheat as much as I am. And if thou'lt keep my Counsel, I'll give thee ten Broad Pieces.—

Sir G. I am not mercenary! Young Man, I scorn thy Gold.

Fan. I'll make them up Twenty.—

Sir G. Avaunt! and that quickly, or I'll raise such an Apparition, as shall—

Fan. An Apparition, old Gentleman! you mistake your Man, I am not to be frighten'd with Bugbears!—

Sir G. Let me retire but for a few Moments, and I will give thee such a Proof of my Art—

Fan. Why, if thou hast any *Hocus-focus* Tricks to play, why canst not do them here?

Sir G. The raising of a Spirit, requires certain secret Mysteries to be performed, and Words to be mutter'd in private.—

Fan. Well, if I see through your Trick, will you promise to be my Friend?

Sir G. I will—attend and tremble.

[Exit.

Fantome Salus.

Fan. A very solemn old Afs! But I smook him,—— he has a Mind to raise his Price upon me. I cou'd not think this Slut wou'd have us'd me thus.—I begin to grow horribly tir'd of my Drum, I wish I was well rid of it. However I have got this by it, that it has driven off *Thysel* for good and all; I shan't have the Mortification to see my Mistress carry'd off by such a Rival. Well, whatever happens, I must stop this old Fellow's Mouth, I must not be sparing in Hush-money. But here he comes.

Enter Sir George in his own Habit.

Fan. Ha! what's that! *Sir George Truman*! This can be no Counterfeit. His Dress! his Shape! his Face! the very Wound of which he dy'd! Nay, then'tis time to decamp!

[Runs off.

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! Fare you well, good *Sir George*—
The Enemy has left me Master of the Field: Here are the Marks

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 59

Marks of my Victory. This Drum will I hang up in my great Hall as the Trophy of the Day.

Enter Abigail.

Sir George stands with his Hand before his Face in a musing Posture.

Ab. Yonder he is. O my Conscience he has driven off the Conjuror. Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome! I give you Joy. I give you Joy. What do you think of your Thousand Pounds now? Why does not the Man speak?

[Pulls him by the Sleeve.

Sir G. Ha!

[Taking his Hand from his Face.

Ab. Oh! 'tis my Master!

[Scries.

[Running away he catches her.

Sir G. Good Mrs. *Abigail* not so fast.

Ab. Are you alive, Sir? He has given my Shoulder such a cursed Tweak! they must be real Fingers. I feel 'em I'm sure.

Sir G. What dost thou think?

Ab. Think, Sir? Think? Truth I don't know what to think. Pray, Sir, how——

Sir G. No Questions, good *Abigail*. Thy Curiosity shall be satisfied in due time. Where's your Lady?

Ab. Oh, I'm so frightened—and so glad!——

Sir G. Where's your Lady, I ask you——

Ab. Marry I don't know where I am my self—I can't forbear weeping for Joy——

Sir G. Your Lady! I say your Lady! I must bring you to your self with one Pinch more——

Ab. Oh! she has been talking a good while with the Steward.

Sir G. Then he has open'd the whole Story to her. I'm glad he has prepar'd her. Oh! here she comes.

Enter Lady follow'd by Vellum.

Lady. Where is he? let me fly into his Arms! my Life! my Soul! my Husband!

Sir G. Oh! let me catch thee to my Heart, dearest of Women!

Lady. Are you then still alive, and are you here! I can scarce believe my Senses! Now am I happy indeed!

Sir G. My Heart is too full to answer thee.

Lady.

Lady. How could you be so cruel to defer giving me that Joy which you knew I must receive from your Presence? You have robb'd my Life of some Hours of Happiness that ought to have been in it.

Sir G. It was to make our Happiness the more sincere and unmixt. There will be now no Doubts to dash it. What has been the Affliction of our Lives, has given a Variety to them, and will hereafter supply us with a thousand Materials to talk of.

Lady. I am now satisfy'd that it is not in the Power of Absence to lessen your Love towards me.

Sir G. And I am satisfy'd that it is not in the Power of Death to destroy that Love which makes me the happiest of Men.

Lady. Was ever Woman so blest! to find again the Darling of her Soul, when she thought him lost for ever! to enter into a kind of second Marriage with the only Man whom she was ever capable of loving!

Sir G. May it be as happy as our first, I desire no more! Believe me, my Dear, I want Words to express those Transports of Joy and Tenderness which are every Moment rising in my Heart whilst I speak to thee.

Enter Servants.

But. Just as the Steward told us, Lads! Look you there, if he ben't with my Lady already?

Gard. He! he! he! what a joyful Night will this be for Madam!

Coach. As I was coming in at the Gate, a strange Gentleman whisk'd by me; but he took to his Heels, and made away to the George. If I did not see Master before me, I shou'd have sworn it had been his Honour!

Gard. Ha'st given Orders for the Bells to be set a ringing?

Coach. Never trouble thy Head about that, 'tis done.

Sir G. [*to Lady.*] My Dear, I long as much to tell you my whole Story, as you do to hear it. In the mean while I am to look upon this as my Wedding-Day. I'll have nothing but the Voice of Mirth and Feasting in my House. My poor Neighbours and my Servants shall rejoice with me.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 61

ss. My Hall shall be free to every one, and let my Cellars be thrown open.

Bar. Ah! bless your Honour, may you never die again!

Coach. The same good Man that ever he was!

Grand. Whurra!

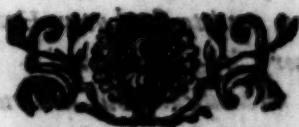
Sir G. Vellum, thou hast done me much Service to-day. I know thou lov'st *Abigail*, but she's disappointed in a Fortune. I'll make it up to both of you. I'll give thee a Thousand Pound with her. It is not fit there shou'd be one sad Heart in my House to-night.

Lady. What you do for *Abigail*, I know is meant as a Compliment to me. This is a new Instance of your Love.

Ab. Mr. *Vellum*, you are a well-spoken Man: Pray do you thank my Master and my Lady.

Sir G. Vellum, I hope you are not displeas'd with the Gift I make you.

Vel. The Gift is Twofold. I receive from you
A virtuous Partner, and a Person too;
For which, in humble wise, I thank the Donors:
And so we bid Good-nights to both your Ho-nours.



EPI

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield.

TO-night, the Poet's Advocate I stand,
And he deserves the Favour at my Hand,
Who in my Equipage their Cause debating
Has plac'd two Lovers, and a third in waiting;
If both the first shou'd from their Duty swerve,
There's one behind the Wainscote in reserve.
In his next Play, if I wou'd take this Trouble,
He promis'd me to make the Number double:
In troth 'twas spoke like an obliging Creature,
For tho' 'tis Simple, yet it shews Good-nature.

My Help thus ask'd, I could not chuse but grant it,
And really I thought the Play wou'd want it,
Void as it is of all the usual Arts
To warm your Fancies, and to steal your Hearts:
No Court-Intrigue, nor City-Cuckoldom,
No Song, no Dance, no Musick—but a Drum—
No smutty Thought in doubtful Phrase exprest;
And, Gentlemen, if so, pray where's the Jest?
When we wou'd raise your Mirth, you hardly know
Whether in strictness you shou'd Laugh or no,
But turn upon the Ladies in the Pit,
And if they redden, you are sure 'tis Wit,

Protect him then, ye Fair ones; for the Fair
Of all Conditions are his equal Care.

EPILOGUE

*He draws a Widow, who of blameless Carriage
True to her Joinsure, hates a second Marriage;
And, to improve a virtuous Wife's Delights,
Out of one Man contrives two Wedding Nights;
Nay, to oblige the Sex in every State,
A Nymph of five and forty finds her Mate.*

*Too long has Marriage, in this tasteless Age,
With ill-bred Raillery supply'd the Stage:
No little Scribbler is of Wit so bare,
But has his sting at the poor Wedded Pair;
Our Author deals not in Conceits so stale:
For shou'd th' Examples of his Play prevail,
No Man need blush, tho' true to Marriage-Vows,
Nor be a Jest, tho' he shou'd love his Spouse.
Thus has he done you British Con sorts Right,
Whose Husbands, shou'd they pry like mine To-night,
Wou'd never find you in your Conduct Slipping,
Tho' they turn'd Conjurers to take you Tripping.*

F I N I S.



THE LITTLE TRIP
Two to her position, heart a second marriage;
And to improve a virtuous wife's Delight;
One of our best countries two wedding nights;
And to oblige the sea in every state,
A couple of five and forty years her date.

The last two marriage, in his last age
With his last marriage, in his last age;
The little traveller is of his date.

But for his king at the post, the last day
Our little traveller is of his date;
For should the traveller of his day
No more need of it, and thus to marriage.

For to a wife, and to should her day
For to a wife, and to should her day;
For to a wife, and to should her day;
For to a wife, and to should her day.

For to a wife, and to should her day
For to a wife, and to should her day;
For to a wife, and to should her day;
For to a wife, and to should her day.

THE END

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